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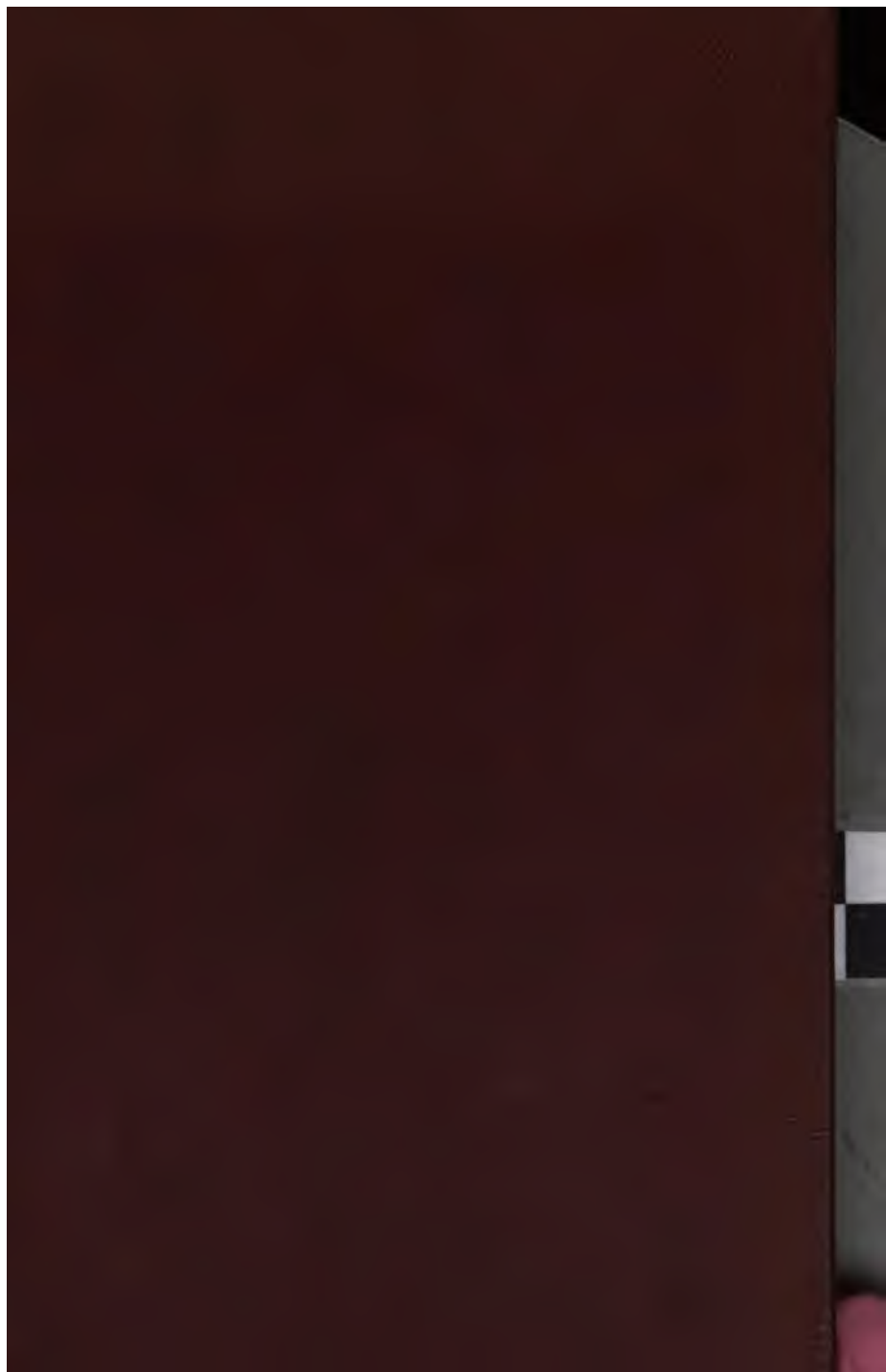
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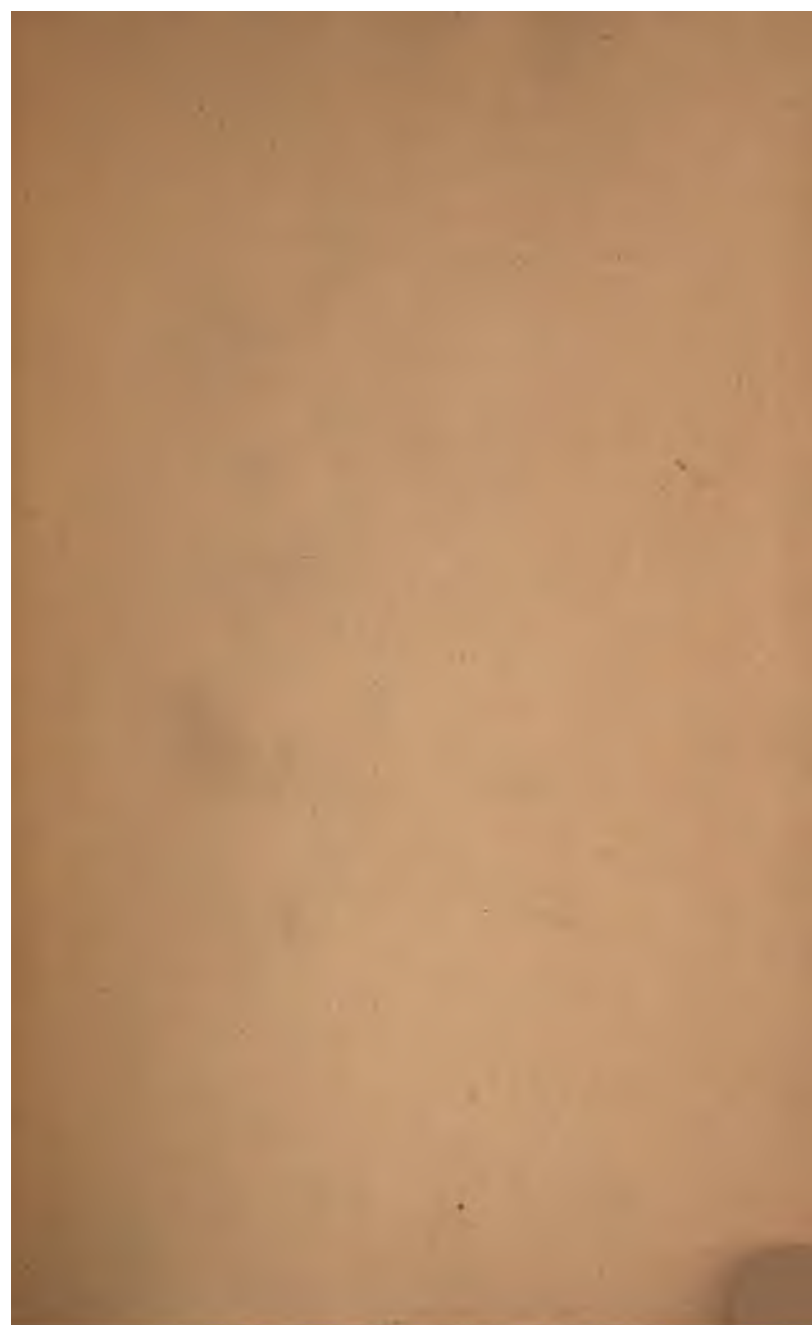










Figure of St.

St. Agnes



Figure 1. A composite image showing a large, irregularly shaped, light-colored, granular mass (likely a biological specimen) against a dark background. The mass is composed of many small, dark, rounded particles. Two smaller, rectangular, light-colored images are overlaid on the bottom left of the main image, showing a magnified view of the granular texture.

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FRIENDSHIPS GIFT
FOR
1848



Edited by Walter Loomis.

BOSTON.
JOHN P. HILL.

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FOR

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EDITED BY WALTER PERCIVAL.

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BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY JOHN P. HILL.
1848.

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Time money

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1847,
BY JOHN P. HILL,
in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

ASNER FORBES, Printer, }
37 Cornhill.

34,48
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FRIENDSHIP'S GIFT.

LINES TO FLORENCE.

WINTHROP M. PRAED.

Long years have passed with silent pace,
Florence! since you and I have met;
Yet — when that meeting I retrace,
My cheek is pale, my eye is wet;
For I was doomed from thence to rove
O'er distant tracts of earth and sea,
Unaided, Florence! — save by love;
And unremembered — save by thee!
We met! and hope beguiled our fears —
Hope, ever bright, and ever vain;
We parted thence in silent tears,
Never to meet — in life — again.
The myrtle that I gaze upon,
Sad token by thy love devised,
Is all the record left of one
So long bewailed — so dearly prized.
You gave it in an hour of grief,
When gifts of love are doubly dear;
You gave it — and one tender leaf
Glistened the while with Beauty's tear.

A tear — oh ! lovelier far to me,
Shed for me in my saddest hour,
Than bright and flattering smiles could be,
In courtly hall, or summer bower.
You strove my anguish to beguile
With distant hopes of future weal ;
You strove ! — alas ! you could not smile,
Nor speak the hope you did not feel.
I bore the gift Affection gave,
O'er desert sand and thorny brake,
O'er rugged rock and stormy wave,
I loved it for the giver's sake ;
And often in my happiest day,
In scenes of bliss and hours of pride,
When all around was glad and gay,
I looked upon the gift — and sighed :
And when on ocean, or on clift,
Forth strode the Spirit of the Storm,
I gazed upon thy fading gift,
I thought upon thy fading form ;
Forgot the lightning's vivid dart,
Forgot the rage of sky and sea,
Forgot the doom that bade us part —
And only lived to love and thee.
Florence ! thy myrtle blooms ! but thou,
Beneath thy cold and lowly stone,
Forgetful of our mutual vow,
And of a heart — still all thine own —
Art laid in that unconscious sleep,
Which he that wails thee soon must know,
Where none may smile, and none may weep,
None dream of bliss — or wake to wo.
If e'er, as Fancy oft will feign,
To that dear spot which gave thee birth
Thy fleeting shade returns again,
To look on him thou lov'dst on earth,

It may a moment's joy impart,
 To know that this, thy favorite tree,
 Is to my desolated heart
 Almost as dear as thou could'st be.
 My Florence! soon — the thought is sweet:
 The turf that wraps thee I shall press;
 Again, my Florence! we shall meet,
 In bliss — or in forgetfulness.
 With thee, in Death's oblivion laid,
 I will not have the cypress gloom
 To throw its sickly, sullen shade,
 Over the stillness of my tomb:
 And there the 'scutcheon shall not shine,
 And there the banner shall not wave;
 The treasures of the glittering mine
 Would ill become a lover's grave:
 But when from this abode of strife
 My liberated shade shall roam,
 Thy myrtle, that has cheered my life,
 Shall decorate my narrow home:
 And it shall bloom in beauty there,
 Like Florence in her early day;
 Or, nipped by cold December's air,
 Wither — like Hope and thee — away.

WILL THE WIZARD.

BY JOHN NEAL.

SOMEWHERE about two hundred and fifty years ago, a boy, with plentiful brown hair, a saucy though girlish mouth, very red lips, and large clear hazel eyes, appeared lounging over a sort of handbarrow, at the door of a small shop in a little one-story village of England. He wore no hat — he was barefooted — and his bosom was all open. It was market-day, and the principal street was a crowded thoroughfare. The shop stood end to the street, with a high pointed roof, one door, a large window below and a small one above. Though built of brick and mortar, there was a framework outside — a sort of skeleton — as though somebody had put it together in a hurry, as people do shoes, and forgot to turn it — or left the staging up. Fashions have altered since. People put the best leg foremost now — their best furniture outside. Our very women understand this ; and as for our *men* — what are they, but women turned inside out ?

At the shop-window, half leaning out, half lying, appeared a middle-aged man, with a red worsted night-

cap, set awry over one ear, his shirt-sleeves rolled up above the elbows, and a leather apron, pulled jauntily and coquettishly aside, so as to reveal a new suit of underclothes — and a belt of protuberant linen, pushing out over the waistband, like a wreath of snow. He was evidently a man of consideration thereabouts — a good-natured, portly personage — a man of substance, and acquainted with everybody. About the door, lay piles of sheepskins, and great rools of cloth, “in the gray” — and in the window, were heaps of wool, the whitest and cleanest you ever saw.

The busy multitude swept by, hour after hour — and the boy followed them with his eyes, but he saw them not: gibe after gibe was interchanged with his father — salutation after salutation — but he heard them not. He was like one asleep, under the orange trees, that grew by the wayside — through which, the rest of the crowd were pouring, as with the tread of trampling nations. It was a great solitude about him — a solitude, like that of the mountain-top or the sea-shore. He was afar off, worshipping underneath a strange sky, in the heart of a rocky wilderness —

Where, since there walked the Everlasting God,
No living foot hath been.

His fellow-creatures were like shadows to him; their voices, a doubtful echo — a distant and perpetual murmur, like the uninterrupted song of the sea-shell. To him, they were creatures of another world —

creatures of earth. Nevertheless, he loved them — and pitied them ; for his young heart was already overflowing with human sympathies — aching with generous and fiery hope. There was a settled expression of sweet seriousness about his mouth — but, occasionally a smile would appear, playing for a moment there, like sunshine — it would pass away, too, like sunshine — and there would be left nothing but the imperturbable serenity — the more than mortal gravity of a superior nature. Alike fitted for companionship with the lowliest and the loftiest, he had no language for either. The Future was in travail — and there were types and shadows marshalling themselves before him, and sceptres and crowns tumbling, and rolling, and glittering about his path. His youthful spirit was undergoing a transfiguration. A something strange — awful — unintelligible to himself, was beginning to stir within the great deep of his heart. The foundations thereof were agitated — flashes of fire passed before him — and thunders uttered their voices.

The sun rolled up higher and higher, and the sunshine streamed hotter and hotter upon the boy's uncovered head, and played with his glittering hair, until it radiated and sparkled about his transparent temples and haughty forehead, as with the splendors of poetry. And his wide-open eyes were illuminated to their very depths, as with inward fire — and appeared listening, as to unearthly music ; and his voluptuous mouth was touched with unspeakable fervor.

And the multitude swept by him forever and ever ; and all the wonders of earth went over his young heart, like the shadows of the empyrean over the fathomless tranquillity of a vast untroubled sea. And there were strange whisperings about him, and yet stranger music — audible influences — the sweet chirping of birds among apple-blossoms — the steady roar of the multitudinous ocean — the perpetual chiming of the stars — the rattling of the spring-brooks over pebbles and among the roots of old trees, and a ringing, like the voices of children at play by the sea-shore.

What, Will ! — *Will*, I say ! why, what's the boy dreamin' about, now ? Wake up, Will ! wake up ! Thou 'lt never be a man, boy, an' thou spendest thy days half asleep i' the sunshine, so !

Father ! — dear father — an' it please ye, I've no desire to be a man-boy.

Ah, Willy, Willy ! — an' thee do n't alter afore thy beard blossoms, thou 'lt not live out half thy days.

An' I live out all my nights, father, I do n't care for the days.

Hoity toity — this comes o' droppin' asleep, like the flowers in the sunshine — playing with the tassel of his night-cap, as he spoke — it was like a full-blown thistle-top.

An' it please ye, father, flowers do n't drop asleep in the sunshine — at the worst, they but dream a little, as I do : but I was n't asleep, father.

No, no — I warrant me ! no more than thou wast t' other day, when the Bible dropped out o' thy hands upon the church floor.

An' waked the parson, father.

Oh, my poor boy ! sleep or no sleep, asleep or awake, thou 'rt the strangest he in all Warrickshire — added the father, readjusting his night-cap with a petulant twitch — and if thou do n't cure thyself o' these idle pranks, I'll — I'll — zounds ! if I do n't —

What, father ?

Bind thee 'prentice to an attorney.

Why, dad ! you would n't, though.

Yes, but I would, though — or to a chimney-sweep.

Oh, as to that, father, I've not a word to say.

Thou graceless vagabond ! — that would suit thee, would n't it ? I verily believe it would.

The boy laughed, and began to whistle.

Here, the attention of the father was called off ; but he returned to the window, after a few minutes, and renewed the conversation — evidently pleased with the boy's pertness.

Not asleep, hey ?

No, father, not asleep.

Dreaming, though ?

Ay ! *that* I was ! And angels were about me like birds, father ; waters, like singing creatures.

Fiddle-de-dee !

Yes, father ! And the summer-winds blew, and the sunshine flashed through the wet green leaves,

till they shivered and sparkled like live butterflies : and I thought, father — Oh, my *dear* father, you must let me look at the great sea before I die !

Is the boy mad ?

No, father ! But there was a huge wide feeling somehow, all about me — it came up, with one vast, long, steady heave, like the Ocean we read of — not like the undulations of a newly-found spring in the wilderness, or a fountain bubbling up among strawberry-blossoms.

The old gentleman stared with astonishment — the people stared — and before he knew it, he was walking fore and aft the shop, and whistling too, with all his might and main.

Yes, father ! And I saw the Wonders of the great deep, holding council together : Leviathans at play — Robin Goodfellow, astride of a swift dolphin, with gold and blue burnished scales — mighty ships, holding on their way, with the instinct of birds, to the ends of the earth — stars, dropping fire — and the great Sea flashing to the wind.

The father stopped — gazed at the strange boy with brimming eyes, for a moment, and then walking forth, he laid his two hands reverentially upon his upturned forehead, saying — The Lord be with thee ! and prosper thee, thou wonderful creature ! Others may believe thee underwitted, or beside thyself, my poor boy ; but, in the eyes of one who knows thee better, much better, thou art the type of something

unheard of in the history of mankind. Awake, therefore! — stand up! and thy foolish old father will stand up with thee!

Here the people began to whisper together — and the boy, understanding by their eyes what another might have understood only by their language, drew his father into the shop; while the multitude slowly went their way — the foremost, tapping his forehead with his finger — the next, thrusting his tongue into his cheek, as he turned the corner — and all the rest wagging their heads.

And now, Willy, my boy — said his father, doffing his red night-cap, and wiping his bald pate, with a portentous flourish — I do n't care *that* for the knaves! (snapping his fingers) and from this day forth, instead of being tied to the shop, as they would have thee, thou shalt have books to read, and clothes to wear: and it shall go hard but thy old father 'll make a gentleman of thee, in spite of their talk, (fetching the boy a slap on the back;) what d'ye think o' that, you dog, you?

Thank ye, father; but I've no desire to be a gentleman.

No desire to be a gentleman!

No, father, an' it please ye.

And why not, Willy?

Because, father —

Because, father — because what, my boy? — what's the matter with thee? — why dost turn away thy face? Out with it, my boy — because *what*?

Because I've observed that no woman ever falls in love with a *gentleman*, father.

Odds, my life! — how shouldst thou know anything about love?

I say — father —

Well, what now? — leave playin' with thy fingers, and answer me. God's life! as her majesty saith — but I shall be out of all patience with thee! if thou speak not soon.

Father! —

Well —

Did ye ever happen to see old Hathaway's daughter?

Which daughter? — Mary?

Mary indeed! — why, Mary is a child.

A child, hey? — older than thou, by almost a year, my boy.

Yes, father; but not old enough — an' it please ye — for *me*.

What — hey! — let me look into your eyes, you young rogue, you! Thou'rt not thinking of *Anne* Hathaway, I hope — hey?

And why not, father? Is n't she the bravest girl in Warrickshire? — did n't you tell mother so yourself, not a month ago?

To be sure I did; and as beautiful as brave. But how, in the name of all the saints, camest thou to know anything about Anne Hathaway? — why, she's old enough to be thy mother, thou scapegrace.

No, father, not quite — only seven years and four months older, come next Michaelmas.

But how camest thou acquainted with her, I say ?
Answer me that, Willy.

I'm not acquainted with her, sir.

Not acquainted with her ?

No sir ; I never saw her but once.

And when was that, pray ? — thou mouthful of gilt gingerbread.

When you took me to Kennilworth, to see the show.

What ! four years ago, when thou wast but thirteen years of age ?

Yes, father.

And there thou saw'st Anne Hathaway ?

Yes, father.

And what then ? —

Nothing, father.

Boy — boy — I *will* be answered ! There's a mystery here, and it must be cleared up. It must, and it shall.

The boy's lip trembled — a tear stood in his eye — and he breathed hard for a moment ; and then planting his foot, and upheaving his forehead to the sky, and speaking with a voice he had never employed before, he continued.

The mystery *shall* be cleared up, father. You *shall* be satisfied. I saw Anne Hathaway when the Queen spoke to her, and all eyes were upon her : I saw her

when she brought the flowers to lay at her majesty's feet : and I saw her, when the great lord of Leicester would have snatched a kiss from her — and she flung him off, and bounded away like a startled fawn : — I saw her steal back to her father's cottage ; and though she was told that the Queen herself had inquired for her, she would n't return to Kennilworth again till the pageant was all over.

And that's true, my boy — I've had it all from her father himself, who told her the Queen had inquired for her, as the rosebud of Warrickshire. But, what has all this to do with thy not being a gentleman ?

I do n't know, father ; but I don't like these gentlemen, that wear white gloves, and go fingering their way through the wilderness, afraid to wet their feet, afraid to laugh, and afraid to pray. I know she's a woman, father — a grown woman ; but what of that ? I can't help thinking my chance would be better than that of any o' these gaudy popinjays — these *gentlemen*, forsooth — if I had but the courage to speak to her.

My poor silly boy !

Call me anything but a *boy*, father ; I can't bear that. I have been a man ever since I first saw Anne Hathaway ; she has never been out of my head since — I dream of her — I go out and lie down underneath the old trees of the park, yonder, and look at the deer and the bright birds, till I drop asleep, and

then she always appears to me — just as I saw her at Kennilworth, blushing and courtesying and stammering, with all eyes wondering at her beauty — and then running off, with lord Leicester looking after her. Oh, but she's a rare girl! and with your leave, my dear father — now don't be angry, will ye?

Can't promise thee, my boy; thou'lt make a fool o' thy father, yet — mad as a March hare. Well, with my leave — why don't ye speak?

With your leave, (flinging both arms about his father's neck, and whispering in his ear) —

What! (starting up, and laughing as if he would split himself.) What! Thou wilt marry Anne Hathaway — God's life! as her majesty saith — thou'rt a precious fellow of thy inches! By my faith! I should like to hear thee pop the question. And here he burst forth into another obstreperous peal of laughter.

The boy looked astonished — mortified — grieved to the very heart: his color came and went — and there was a bright small dew upon his upper lip, which instantly disappeared, as if breathed upon by a blast from the desert.

Should you, father? — said he at last, in reply — should you indeed?

Of a truth, should I.

Then go with me to her father's; for, so help me God! I'll put the question to her before I sleep! Boy or no boy, father — I'll know from her own lips, whether it is a lying spirit, or the awful instinct of

truth, which has kept me awake for long years, dreaming of that girl as my future companion — yea, father, as my future *wife*. Night and day have I dreamed of her — year after year have I prayed for her — all that appears wonderful in my character or my language, or wild in my behavior — all that I know or wish to know — all my hopes and all my fears are connected with her. Why, Sir! It was but yesterday that I fell asleep, thinking of her, under the great oak by the river, there — and I dreamed a dream, father — a dream that, awake or asleep, has haunted me for years.

The father stood awe-struck and breathless before him, waiting the issue. There was a sound of trumpets in the air, and he felt afraid of his own child.

Ay, father — a dream; a dream of power; a prodigious dream! I tremble now to give it language. But I must. I saw palaces and thrones — and mighty men of war — and beautiful women: whole nations of both — mustering at my voice, and crowding to hear me, as I stood alone and apart from all the rest of mankind, playing with a strange unearthly instrument — in shape, like a human heart — which a spirit of grace left with me, one still, starry night, when I saw the skies rolling away forever, with no hand to stay them: the Universe asleep, and God watching over it. I stood upon the mountain-top. The foundations of the Earth were opened to me; and I saw gold there, and gems, like subterranean sunshine. Yea, father! and I saw the sepul-

chres of the giants — the bones of many a forgotten Empire — the skeleton of lost worlds — the store-houses of the great Deep — and the abiding-place of perpetual fire : and I lifted up my voice, and told the creatures of Earth what I saw, and they believed me not. And the winds blew, and the darkness drove by, like a midnight fog — and that generation was no more. Anon, another appeared — another, and yet another — and at last, there were those that understood me. And when I talked of soils, that, once broken up — whether by earthquake or fire — by storm or deluge — teem with the seed of empire — with strange flowers, and stranger fruit, — they believed me, though they understood me not.

Boy — boy ! — what 's the matter with thee ! — what 's thee stretching forth thy arms for, so wildly ? — what 's thee reaching after — *hey* ! —

Was I, father ! — O, I had forgotten myself ! I was wandering by the sea-shore, and plucking at the bright-haired, unapproachable creatures that drifted by me. I was wondering to see shadows upon the deepest and blackest midnight sky — a firmament of polished ebony ; I was listening to Seas that thunder in their sleep from century to century.

Of a truth, my boy, it makes my heart ache to hear thee — no good will come of this, I am sure ; and if anything should happen, there are those who will consider it a judgment upon thy poor old father, for trying to make a gentleman of thee.

And rightly enough too. Let God have his own way with the work of his own hands, father. If I am not to be a gentleman, I shall be something better, I hope ; and if I *am*, why, God's will be done ! — that's all I have to say.

But, poetry is a beggarly trade, my boy ; an' thee should n't betake thyself to that : and so is the making of speeches.

I know it, father — and therefore I'll none of it ! I am not without other and better resources. Boy though I am, I have learned something of human nature : I have learned to think for myself — and I have learned to disentangle the roots of error from the foundations of our strength — to look upon the mighty of earth, even the mightiest, as the playthings of the multitude.

Have a care, boy ! These are perilous thoughts : they should be smothered, like monsters — stifled in the birth.

Smothered ! — stifled ! I would as soon smother a child of my own begetting, as a thought worth preserving. Why should we stifle the princely offspring of our intellectual spirits ? No, father ; I know what mankind are — and I know that we must be made of sterner stuff than others to *communicate* rather than to *receive* impressions. I have thought much of what we call the great of our day ; and I have quite another idea of greatness, let me tell you, father. The men I call great, are men of rock. Dominion

have they ; not over the fish of the sea, the fowls of the air, or the beasts of the field ; but over the Men of all the earth — of all ages and of all countries.

There he goes, again ! there he goes ! with all the heedlessness of a grasshopper — hit or miss !

Trees, father, cast off their encumbering foliage, when they go to war with the winds ; naked, they are invulnerable — so with me. After a few years, I shall betake myself to the war ; and when I do, away with all this pageantry and pomp ! away with all strange hopes — and all strange dreaming ! It was but to-day, that I saw, with my eyes open, the whole embodied Future sailing before me, century after century, with all their wings outspread. I saw the Invisible at work — the mountains growing populous with giant sculpture — the warp and woof of the sky, and all the looms thereof, in full play ; and the chips flew, and the threads ran like fire, hither and thither, among the agitated clouds, and I saw great blocks of marble changing their shape, when there was nobody near ; and harps, playing in the sky to invisible fingers — what ! father — asleep ? then here goes !

And saying this, he darted through the door, and was off, at full speed, for the cottage of Anne Hathaway. How he sped in his prayer, let the chronicles of that day — the day of the haughty Elizabeth — declare. At the age of seventeen, the boy married Anne Hathaway, who was then about twenty-five.

And after that — wild and riotous, and urged on-

ward by the unappeasable spirit of his childhood, he betook himself to that great world in miniature—London. There he lived; and there he laid the foundations of that glory, which hath since outblazed the wildest hope of his youth.

After many years, men built temples to him, and established a priesthood, who gradually extended the worship of that boy—for it *was* worship—over the whole of the enlightened earth. His name was a star—his language in everybody's mouth. Millions were able to repeat his commonest sayings; and millions went in pilgrimage to that small shop, in that little one-story village of England, there to look at what his eyes had looked upon, two hundred and fifty years before; there to breathe the air he breathed, in the outbreaking of his fiery, intrepid, ungovernable nature.

And of the multitude that went in pilgrimage there, some left their names on the whitewashed wall of the bed-chamber, over the shop; and some, a word or two of wretched poetry. And of the multitude that came away, all had pretty much the same story to tell—and did tell it; and yet the public were never weary—or, if weary, would never own it—such was the magic of the boy's name. Of these, nobody inquired more faithfully or diligently than the author, whose memorandum, faithfully transcribed from the original page, must now end this article.

“*Stratford-upon-Avon*. Eighteen miles from Coventry. Four s. fare; one s. coach; two s. to Mary

Hornly ; one *s.* church ; six *d.* boy ; one *s.* house ; six *d.* hall. House he was born in plastered outside, between the black beams, running so as to stripe it equally. Mary Hornly is a relation of his, by marriage and descent — keeps ready-made tragedies, from eighteen pence to two-and-six pence a piece ; one is entitled *Waterloo* — warranted genuine — ‘*made by herself!*’ — shows sundry chairs, and a long, old table, ‘*cut to pieces by the nobility ;*’ — called my attention ‘to the carved postesses of the bed, — mentioned in the will, — if I’d take the trouble to look at it.’ One is reminded of the knife, to be seen for a penny, with which a terrible murder had been perpetrated — whereupon, a neighbor advertised the *fork*, belonging to the *knife*, to be seen next door for only a half-penny. Here was a wooden picture, also, representing David with the cramp in his right arm, blazing away at poor Goliath, with an old motto newly furnished up — somewhat after this fashion :

Goliath waxeth wroth —
David with a sling,
(Something I can’t make out)
Doth down Goliath bring!

though not half so good. She exhibited, moreover, a sword, a looking glass, a pin-cushion — a jubilee *ditto* — and a clumsy wooden candlestick, once gilt, and in some way connected with Garrick and the Festival. A very ignorant, vulgar, pleasant woman,

—about fifty-five—say sixty, now. She was turned out of the true house—on which the rent was unexpectedly ‘*riz*’ from twenty to forty pounds. Brought away with her everything that people cared for, and left the remainder to be whitewashed. A book, full of names, lay upon the table: I found in it George Rex, Byron, Scott, the Archduke of Austria. And sooth to say, King George’s R was quite tolerable for a King, though by no means equal to that I had been led to hope from Blackwood. Left my name: ‘———, United States, January 29, 1824,’ and would have added in prose—but could ’nt—Put off thy shoes! the ground whereon thou standest is holy! &c. &c. &c.; and, as for poetry, I’d foresworn poetry; and what is more, I had never undertaken a real *impromptu* in my life—and never but one which I ventured to pass for one. I left the house, therefore, altogether *flabbergasted*—wondering to find myself unable to say boh! to a goose, where so many others had been able to say nothing else.—Washington Irving among the rest. Well, I proceeded to the church—stood over the bones of the dead giant, with my foot upon his neck: yea, trampled upon the ashes of his mighty heart and paid sixpence for the privilege: was beset again by the cockney-muse—and longed to cry out *What, ho!* to my own shadow, as I saw it projected along the walls, hatted and cloaked, by the particular desire of the attendant; and heard, on the

paved floor, the rattling of my boots, which were provided with iron heels, and the rude, noisy echoes that followed every step I took! One ought to be shod with iron, or *brass*, thought I, to tread amid the ashes of such a furnace. On my way back to my lodgings, I felt another throe — and another — and before I well knew where I was, I had brought forth the following, which I offer as a suitable inscription.

Rash man! — Forbear!
 Thou wilt not surely tread
 On the anointed head
 Of him that slumbereth there!

Would'st meet the God of such as thou,
 With that untroubled brow!
 With covered head and covered feet!
 Where William Shakspeare used to meet
His God,

Uncovered and unshod,
 In prayer!
 Thou wilt not surely venture where
 But *sleeps* the awful Dead,
 With that irreverent air,
 And that alarming tread!

What, ho!
 Beware!
 The very dust, below
 The haughty Dead, will wake —
 The walls about thee shake,
 If that uplifted heel,
 Shod as it is with steel,
 Should fall on Shakspeare's head!

Thence, having achieved my impromptu, I went to the house where 'he lived and breathed and had his being;' and began forthwith to scatter the golden cobweb, (the stuff that dreams are made of), which I had spun, like a silk-worm, out of my own vitals. There was the very room—that! where the bard was born. I was perfectly sure of it. And why?—because, the moment I set my foot there, a miracle happened. Being requested to write my name, as I had been requested before, both at the church and at the house of the woman *what made plays*, both of whom desired to be remembered to all my friends coming that way! (I could have told her that my friends were likely to go quite another way.) I seated myself and began to write; all at once—just when I had got as far as '*North America*,' which sounds fifty times grander, in such a place, than *United States*, beside being altogether more intelligible to the great body of British statesmen, to say nothing of the multitude—the best of them being not much better informed to this day, respecting our geography, than they were when the '*Island of Virginia*' was first mentioned in the house of Lords—or the '*State of New-England*' thought proper to set herself in array against the '*great President*,' I came to a full stop! I had finished forever, as I thought, and was about to adjourn—by my faith it is true—when a queer sensation—a sort of trickling from my heart—a something, that '*went a rippling to*

the finger ends,' prevented me. I tried to get up — I could n't — to fling down the pen — it would n't budge — so write I must, and write I did; and the following real, honest, downright impromptu was the result.

The ground is holy here — the very air!
Ye breathe what Shakspeare breathed. Rash men, beware!

Oh, yes! — Will Shakspeare *was* born here. The question was settled forever — and ever. I could n't help sliding into 'extrumpery.' O, ye walls! covered with pencilled names, on whitewashed plaster! Kings! Princes! and Immortals — if they were ever there — or, if only such as understood him had written there, no lights would be needed to show the manger of Shakspeare. The walls would be luminous with their handwriting — the sign-manuals of them that write with imperishable fire, light burning not only under water, but under earth, and throughout all the earth. But enough — our story is about '*Wizard Will,*' — not '*Will Wizard:*' and therefore know we when to stop.

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

ANONYMOUS.

THE music ceased, the last quadrille was o'er,
And one by one the waning beauties fled;
The garlands vanished from the frescoed floor,
The nodding fiddler hung his weary head.

And I—a melancholy single man—
Retired to mourn my solitary fate—
I slept awhile; but o'er my slumbers ran
The sylph-like image of my blooming Kate.

I dreamt of mutual love, and Hymen's joys,
Of happy moments and connubial blisses:
And then I thought of little girls and boys,
The mother's glances, and the infant's kisses.

I saw them all, in sweet perspective sitting
In winter's eve around a blazing fire,
The children playing, and the mother knitting,
Or fondly gazing on the happy Sire.

The scene was changed. In came the Baker's bill:
I stared to see the hideous consummation
Of pies and puddings that it took to fill
The bellies of the rising generation.

There was no end to eating : — legs of mutton
Were vanquished daily by this little host ;
To see them, you'd have thought each tiny glutton
Had laid a wager who could eat the most.

The massy pudding smoked upon the platter,
The ponderous sirloin reared its head in vain ;
The little urchins kicked up such a clatter,
That scarce a remnant e'er appeared again.

Then came the School bill : Board and Education
So much per annum ; but the extras mounted
To nearly twice the primal stipulation,
And every little bagatelle was counted !

To mending tuck ; — A new Homeri Ilias ; —
A pane of glass ; — Repairing coat and breeches ; —
A slate and pencil ; — Binding old Virgilius ; —
Drawing a tooth ; — An open draft and leeches.

And now I languished for the single state,
The social glass, the horse and chaise on Sunday,
The jaunt to Windsor with my sweetheart Kate,
And cursed again the weekly bills of Monday.

Here Kate began to scold — I stamp and swore,
The kittens squeak, the children loudly scream ;
And thus awaking with the wild uproar,
I thanked my stars that it was but a dream.

LAST HOURS OF A SINGLE GENTLEMAN.

ANONYMOUS.

THIS morning, April 1, at half past eleven, precisely, an unfortunate young man, Mr. Edwin Pinkney, underwent the extreme penalty of infatuation, by expiating his attachment to Mary Ann Gale, in front of the Altar railings of St. Mary's Church, Islington.

It will be in the recollection of all those friends of the parties who were at the Joneses' party at Brixton, two years ago, that Mr. Pinkney was there, and there first introduced to Mary Ann, to whom he instantly began to direct particular attentions — dancing with her no less than six sets that evening, and handing her things at supper in the most devoted manner. From that period commenced the intimacy between them which terminated in this morning's catastrophe.

Poor Pinkney had barely attained to his twenty-eighth year; but there is reason to believe that, but for reasons of a pecuniary nature, his single life would have come earlier to an untimely end. A

change for the better, however, having occurred in his circumstances, the young lady's friends were induced to sanction his addresses, and thus to become accessories to the course for which he has just suffered.

The unhappy man passed the last night of his bachelor existence in his solitary chamber. From half-past eight to ten, he was busily engaged in writing letters. Shortly after ten o'clock, his younger brother Henry knocked at the door, when the doomed youth told him in a firm voice to come in. On being asked when he meant to go to bed, he replied, "Not yet." The question was then put to him how he thought he could sleep; to which his answer was, "I do n't know." He then expressed a desire for a cigar and a glass of grog, which were supplied him. His brother, who sat down and partook of the like refreshments, now demanded if he would want any thing more that night. He said, "Nothing," in a firm voice. His affectionate brother then rose to take leave, when the devoted one considerably advised him to take care of himself.

Precisely at a quarter of a minute to seven the next morning, the victim of Cupid, having been called according to his desire, rose and promptly dressed himself. He had the self-control to shave himself without the slightest injury; for even not a scratch upon his chin appeared after the operation. It would seem that he had devoted a longer time to his toilet than usual.

The wretched man was attired in a light blue dress-coat, with frosted metal buttons, a white waist-coat, and nankeen trousers, with patent leather boots. He wore around his neck a variegated satin scarf, which partially concealed the Corazza of his bosom. In front of the scarf was inserted a breast pin of conspicuous dimensions. Having descended the staircase with a quick step, he entered the apartment where his brother and a few friends were awaiting him. He shook hands cordially with all present, and on being asked how he had slept, answered, "Very well," and to the farther demand as to the state of his mind, he said, "He felt happy."

One of the party having hereupon suggested that it would be as well to take something before the melancholy ceremony was gone through, he exclaimed with some emphasis, "Decidedly." Breakfast was accordingly served, when he ate the whole of a French roll, a large round of toast, two sausages, and three new laid eggs, which he washed down with two great breakfast cups of tea. In reply to an expression of astonishment on the part of a person present, at his appetite, he declared that he never felt it heartier in his life.

Having inquired the time, and ascertained that it was ten minutes to eleven, he remarked, that "it would soon be over." His brother then inquired if he could do anything for him; when he said he:

should like to have a glass of ale. Having drank this, he appeared satisfied.

The fatal moment now approaching, he devoted the remaining brief portion of his time to distributing among his friends those little articles which he would soon no longer want. To one he gave his cigar case, to another his tobacco stopper, and he charged his brother Henry with his latch key, with instructions to deliver it after all was over, with due solemnity, to his landlady.

The clock at length struck eleven; and at the same moment he was informed that a cab was at the door. He merely said, "I am ready," and allowed himself to be conducted to the vehicle; into which he got with his brother—his friends followed in others.

Arrived at the tragical spot, a short but anxious delay of some seconds took place; after which they were joined by the lady with her friends. Little was said on either side; but Miss Gale, with customary decorum, shed tears. Pinkney endeavored to preserve a composure; but a slight twitching in his mouth and eyebrows proclaimed his inward agitation.

The ill-starred bachelor having submitted quietly to have a large white bow pinned to his button-hole, now walked, side by side with Miss Gale, with a firm step to the altar. He surveyed the imposing preparations with calmness: and gazed, unmoved, on the

clergyman, who, assisted by the clerk, was waiting behind the railings.

All requisite preliminaries having now been settled, and the prescribed melancholy formalities gone through, the usual question was put, "Wilt thou have this woman for thy wife?" To which the rash youth replied, in a distinct voice, "I will." He then put the fatal ring upon Miss Gale's finger; the hymeneal noose was adjusted, and the poor fellow was launched into matrimony.

THE EVENING STAR.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

THE Evening Star, the lover's star,
The beautiful star comes hither!
He steereth his barque
Through the azure dark,
And brings us the bright blue weather, — Love!
The beautiful bright blue weather.

The birds lie dumb, when the night stars come,
And silence broods o'er the covers;
But a voice now wakes
In the thorny brakes,
And singeth a song for lovers, — Love!
A sad sweet song for lovers!

It singeth a song of grief and wrong,
A passionate song for others;
Yet its own sweet pain
Can never be vain,
If it 'wakeneth love in others, — Love!
It 'wakeneth love in others.

JACQUELINE.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

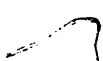
SHAKESPEARE.

“DEAR mother, is it not the bell I hear?”

“Yes, my child; the bell for morning prayers.
It is Sunday to-day.”

“I had forgotten it. But now all days are alike to me. Hark! it sounds again—louder—louder. Open the window, for I love the sound. There; the sunshine and the fresh morning air revive me. And the church-bell—oh, mother—it reminds me of the holy Sabbath mornings by the Loire—so calm, so hushed, so beautiful! Now give me my prayer-book, and draw the curtain back, that I may see the green trees and the church spire. I feel better to-day, dear mother.”

It was a bright cloudless morning in August. The dew still glistened on the trees; and a slight breeze wafted to the sick chamber of Jacqueline the



song of the birds, the rustle of the leaves, and the solemn chime of the church-bells. She had been raised up in bed, and reclining upon the pillow, was gazing wistfully upon the quiet scene without. Her mother gave her the prayer-book, and then turned away to hide a tear that stole down her cheek.

At length the bells ceased. Jacqueline crossed herself, kissed a pearl crucifix that hung around her neck, and opened the silver clasps of her missal. For a time she seemed wholly absorbed in her devotions. Her lips moved, but no sound was audible. At intervals the solemn voice of the priest was heard at a distance, and then the confused responses of the congregation, dying away in inarticulate murmurs. Ere long the thrilling chant of the Catholic service broke upon the ear. At first it was low, solemn, and indistinct; then it became more earnest and entreating, as if interceding, and imploring pardon for sin; and then arose louder and louder, full, harmonious, majestic, as it wafted the song of praise to heaven, and suddenly ceased. Then the sweet tones of the organ were heard,—trembling, thrilling, and rising higher and higher, and filling the whole air with their rich melodious music. What exquisite accords!—what noble harmonies!—what touching pathos! The soul of the sick girl seemed to kindle into more ardent devotion, and to be rapt away to heaven in the full harmonious chorus, as it swelled onward, doubling and redoubling,

and rolling upward in a full burst of rapturous devotion! Then all was hushed again. Once more the low sound of the bell smote the air, and announced the elevation of the host. The invalid seemed entranced in prayer. Her book had fallen beside her, — her hands were clasped, — her eyes closed, — her soul retired within its secret chambers. Then a more triumphant peal of bells arose. The tears gushed from her closed and swollen lids; her cheek was flushed: she opened her dark eyes, and fixed them with an expression of deep adoration and penitence upon an image of the Saviour on the cross, which hung at the foot of her bed, and her lips again moved in prayer. Her countenance expressed the deepest resignation. She seemed to ask only that she might die in peace, and go to the bosom of her Redeemer.

The mother was kneeling by the window, with her face concealed in the folds of the curtain. She arose, and going to the bedside of her child, threw her arms around her and burst into tears.

“My dear mother, I shall not live long; I feel it here. This piercing pain — at times it seizes me, and I cannot — cannot breathe.”

“My child, you will be better soon.”

“Yes, mother, I shall be better soon. All tears, and pain, and sorrow will be over. The hymn of adoration and entreaty I have just heard, I shall never hear again on earth. Next Sabbath, mother,

kneel again by that window as to-day. I shall not be here, upon this bed of pain and sickness; but when you hear the solemn hymn of worship, and the beseeching tones that wing the spirit up to God, think, mother, that I am there,—with my sweet sister who has gone before us,—kneeling at our Saviour's feet, and happy — oh, how happy!"

The afflicted mother made no reply,—her heart was too full to speak.

"You remember, mother, how calmly Amie died. Poor child, she was so young and beautiful! I always pray that I may die as she did. I do not fear death as I did before she was taken from us. But oh — this pain — this cruel pain — it seems to draw my mind back from heaven. When it leaves me I shall die in peace."

"My poor child! God's holy will be done!"

The invalid soon sank into a quiet slumber. The excitement was over, and exhausted nature sought relief in sleep.

The persons between whom this scene passed, were a widow and her sick daughter, from the neighborhood of Tours. They had left the banks of the Loire to consult the more experienced physicians of the metropolis, and had been directed to the *Maison de Sante* at Auteuil for the benefit of the pure air. But all in vain. The health of the suffering but uncomplaining patient grew worse and worse, and it soon became evident that the closing scene was drawing near.

Of this Jacqueline herself seemed conscious ; and towards evening she expressed a wish to receive the last sacraments of the church. A priest was sent for ; and ere long the tinkling of a little bell in the street announced his approach. He bore in his hand a silver vase containing the consecrated wafer, and a small vessel filled with the holy oil of the extreme unction hung from his neck. Before him walked a boy carrying a little bell, whose sound announced the passing of these symbols of the Catholic faith. In the rear, a few of the villagers, bearing lighted wax tapers, formed a short and melancholy procession. They soon entered the sick chamber, and the glimmer of the tapers mingled with the red light of the setting sun, that shot his farewell rays through the open window. The vessel of oil, and the vase containing the consecrated wafer, were placed upon the table in front of a crucifix that hung upon the wall, and all present, excepting the priest, threw themselves upon their knees. The priest then approached the bed of the dying girl, and said, in a slow and solemn tone, —

“ The King of kings and Lord of lords has passed thy threshold. Is thy spirit ready to receive him ? ”

“ It is, father.”

“ Hast thou confessed thy sins ? ”

“ Holy father, no.”

“ Confess thyself, then, that thy sins may be forgiven and thy name recorded in the book of life.”

And turning to the kneeling crowd around, he waved his hand for them to retire, and was left alone with the sick girl. He seated himself beside her pillow, and the subdued whisper of the confession mingled with the murmur of the evening air, which lifted the heavy folds of the curtains, and stole in upon the holy scene. Poor Jacqueline had few sins to confess,—a secret thought or two towards the pleasures and delights of the world,—a wish to live, unuttered, but which to the eye of her self-accusing spirit seemed to resist the wise providence of God ;—no more. The confession of a meek and lowly heart is soon made. The door was again opened ; the attendants entered, and knelt around the bed, and the priest proceeded,—

“ And now prepare thyself to receive with contrite heart the body of our blessed Lord and Redeemer. Dost thou believe that our Lord Jesus Christ was conceived by the Holy Spirit, and born of the Virgin Mary ? ”

“ I believe.”

And all present joined in the solemn response —

“ I believe.”

“ Dost thou believe that the Father is God, that the son is God, and that the Holy Spirit is God ;—three persons and one God ? ”

“ I believe.”

“ Dost thou believe that the Son is seated on the

right-hand of the Majesty on high, whence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead ? ”

“ I believe.”

“ Dost thou believe that by the holy sacraments of the church thy sins are forgiven thee, and that thus thou art made worthy of eternal life ? ”

“ I believe.”

“ Dost thou pardon, with all thy heart, all who have offended thee in thought, word, or deed ? ”

“ I pardon them.”

“ And dost thou ask pardon of God and thy neighbor for all offences thou hast committed against them, either in thought, word, or deed ? ”

“ I do.”

“ Then repeat after me : O Lord Jesus, I am not worthy, nor do I merit, that thy divine Majesty should enter this poor tenement of clay ; but according to thy holy promises be my sins forgiven, and my soul washed white from all transgression.”

Then taking a consecrated wafer from the vase, he placed it between the lips of the dying girl, and while the assistant sounded the little silver bell, said, —

“ *Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi custodiat animam tuam in vitam eternam.* ”

And the kneeling crowd smote their breasts and responded in one solemn voice, —

“ Amen ! ”

The priest then took from the silver box on the

table a little golden rod, and dipping it in holy oil, annointed the invalid upon the hands, feet, and breast, in the form of the cross. When these ceremonies were completed, the priest and his attendants retired, leaving the mother alone with her dying child, who, from the exhaustion caused by the preceding scene, sank into a death-like sleep.

"Between two worlds life hovered like a star,
"Twixt night and morn upon the horizon's verge."

The long twilight of the summer evening stole on ; the shadows deepened without, and the night-lamp glimmered feebly in the sick chamber ; but still she slept. She was lying with her hands clasped upon her breast,—her pallid cheek resting upon the pillow, and her bloodless lips apart, but motionless and silent as the sleep of death. Not a breath interrupted the silence of her slumber. Not a movement of the heavy and sunken eyelid — not a tremble of the lip, not a shadow on the marble brow, told when the spirit took its flight. It passed to a better world than this.

"There's a perpetual spring, — perpetual youth ;
No joint-benumbing cold, nor scorching heat,
Famine nor age, have any being there."

OUR YANKEE SHIPS.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

OUR Yankee ships! in fleet career,
They linger not behind,
Where gallant sails from other lands
Court favoring tide and wind.
With banners on the breeze, they leap
As gaily o'er the foam
As stately barks from prouder seas,
That long have learned to roam.

The Indian wave with luring smiles
Swept round them bright to-day,
And havens to Atlantic isles
Are opening on their way;
Ere yet these evening shadows close,
Or this frail song is o'er,
Full many a straining mast will rise
To greet a foreign shore.

High up the lashing Northern deep,
Where glimmering watch-lights beam;
Away in beauty where the stars
In tropic brightness gleam;

Where'er the sea-bird wets her beak,
Or blows the stormy gale ;
On to the Water's farthest verge,
Our ships majestic sail.

They dip their keels in every stream
That mirrors back the sky ;
And where the restless billows heave,
Their lofty pennants fly ;
They furl their sails in threatening clouds
That float across the main,
To link with love earth's distant bays
In many a golden chain.

They deck our halls with sparkling gems,
That shone on Orient strands,
And garlands round the hills they bind,
From far-off sunny lands ;
But we will ask no gaudy wreath
From foreign clime or realm,
While safely glides our ship of State
With Genius at the helm.

THE MELANCHOLY MAN.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

Mac. — I feel 'tis so.

Thus have I been since first the plague broke out,
A term, methinks, of many hundred years !
As if the world were hell, and I condemned
To walk through wo to all eternity.
I will do suicide.

Astrologer — Thou canst not, fool !
Thou lovest life with all its agonies ;
Buy poison, and 't will lie for years untouched
Beneath thy pillow, when thy midnight horrors
Are at their worst. Coward ! thou canst not die.

Wilson's City of the Plague.

I HAVE been all my life haunted with a desire to commit suicide. It has crossed me — it still crosses me continually. It is partly the result of constitution, and partly of early and frequent misfortunes, and a habit of brooding over them. This dreadful disease has for ever caused me to look with sickly eyes on the charms of life and the beauties of nature. I shall not here write any *history* of myself. It

would not interest others. Those incidents which have made me wretched, happier dispositions would soon forget. *I* can never forget them. I feel that my game of life has been played and lost. Those secret springs of joy and hope, which give elasticity to other minds, in me are broken. I have been always struggling against the current; and sometimes, nay often, it has appeared to me as if some awful and inexorable power were present at my undertakings, and took a mysterious delight in bringing them to ruin. True, my reason often teaches me that this is merely an absurd fancy, and that it cannot be. Yet *I think* it is, and that is sufficient to make me wretched. Sometimes, in the endeavor to combat this opinion as a superstition, I have compelled myself to embark in a design, or to entertain an affection; but invariably I have met with such severe disappointments, that I have long since ceased to hope. When I first reached the years of manhood, I found this in all my pecuniary business. Stock fell if I touched it; banks broke as soon as I became interested. The fable relates, that whatever the celebrated king of Phrygia touched, turned to gold. Wherever *I* laid my hand, I was sure to produce destruction. At length I have grown so timid, that I am afraid to love, afraid to form a friendship, afraid to offer advice. He who peruses this, will doubtless smile incredulously on me; he will say it is an impossibility. Well, let him. Indeed it seems equally so to me. I have

racked my brain to believe it merely an accidental train of unfavorable events, which to-morrow may change; yet it has not changed, and I am half fain to abandon myself to the startling and terrible thought, that I am branded with some mysterious curse. Whatever may be the cause, I am miserable, and always have been so beyond description. I look for nothing this side the grave.

I became acquainted, sometime ago, with a little girl, eight or nine years old, with unusual powers of mind and charms of person. The sight of her face positively dispelled the shadows which brooded over my mind. She discovered a singular attachment to me. I was delighted with her thousand winning ways. I was almost happy while under the influence of her irrepressible happiness. It was a joy for me to meet her in the street. I have caught a gleam of her beautiful bright countenance, amid a group of her companions going to school early in the morning, which haunted me all day.

"Shall I love this creature?" said I to myself; "will it not be bringing down upon her sweet young head the dark influence which has ever pursued me and mine? Yes," said I, "I *will* love her. I will once more try this fearful experiment. I will watch to see in what form the effects of my interest in her welfare will fall on her; to what doom it will consign her? Will the turf soon press her tender breast? Will some mournful doom darken her living heart?"

I made these reflections one morning as she passed me, with a smile, in the street.

One week after, a single line in the newspaper answered my interrogatories. She had died of a sudden and painful attack of the scarlet fever. As I perused the information, I positively thought I heard the laugh of a demon in my ear, whispered on the passing breeze.

It is not one, two, nor indeed twenty circumstances of this kind which could have alone prostrated my love of life so utterly. I never had a real friend, except my mother, and she died just when I was old enough to mourn for her acutely. Among my other tortures, disease has not been wanting. A violent pain in my chest has, at certain intervals, incapacitated me for all employment. Sometimes my head grows dizzy, or burns with shooting pains. I feel like Caliban, forever contending against a supernatural enemy, whose spirits appear busy about me. That speech of the deformed monster ever haunts my memory :

“For every trifle they are set upon me :
Sometimes like apes, that mow and chatter at me,
And after, bite me ; then, like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my footfall. Sometimes I am
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness.”

The idea of being perpetually encumbered with a disease, which, while it takes from your heart the secret hope that leads to action, does not exclude you from the necessities of toil, is one of the most benumbing and wretched evils that man can suffer. He wanders through the crowd, without participating in their gladness. He gazes on nature with an admiration which only heightens his inward anguish. In the most soft and alluring periods of pleasure, the loathsome image of a grave continually obtrudes itself upon his imagination; the icy hand of death is ever on his shoulder, and he hears the phantom whispering, "Victim of my unrelenting power, haste ye through these sunny scenes; in a short time you must quit them forever." I have felt all this; who can wonder that I am tired of life? I have loved in this world but few, and none successfully. No man, nor woman, nor child has ever been to me other than as gleamings of what my fellow creatures have enjoyed. I recoil from one who excites in me any feelings of affection. No one shall suffer the fatality of my friendship. Who is shocked to learn that I covet my last sleep? Death, mysterious power! language cannot express the intense curiosity with which I have watched every thing appertaining to it. Yes, I have pursued the ghastly phantom in all its forms. I have gone to the prison house, and pryed into the mind of the felon who was at the break of day to expiate his crimes on the scaffold. I have planted myself there

to behold him take his last gaze for ever and for ever on the sky, the green earth, the river, the light. How strange it has seemed that he, that being, that breathing, living creature, formed as I am, who speaks, and thinks, and utters requests, and walks, and takes me by the hand to say farewell; how difficult to conceive, how awful, how deeply thrilling to reflect that, in one minute more, he will not exist! That which addresses you now, *will not be*. Its semblance only will remain, to mock you, with a vivid recollection of the original nature you had held communion with. I once formed a vague resolution of suicide, and I thus strengthened it. I wished to become familiar with death. I would gaze quietly on him, and apply what I saw concerning him to *myself*. I strained my fancy to conceive how *I* should feel, and act, and appear in such a crisis. I have held a loaded pistol to my brain sometimes, or a vial of poison to my lips; or I have stood leaning over the edge of a dizzy height; or I have looked down into the clear ocean billows, and goaded myself on to pass the dreadful gulf. Alas! coward that I was, I feared to die as well as to live, and have turned to my lonely walk with a relief, and put off till some other period the execution of the design.

One day I met a fine fellow, from whom I had been separated many years. He was a scholar and an observer, and, some how or other, he had the art to draw from me an account of the true state of my feelings.

"Pray," said he, when I had finished pretty much what I have related above ; "pray, what time do you rise ?"

"At ten," said I, rather surprised at the oddity of the question.

"And what time do you retire to bed ?"

"At one, two, or three o'clock," said I, "just as it happens."

"And how is your appetite ?"

"Enormous."

"And you gratify it to — ?"

"The full extent."

"What do you drink ?"

"Brandy and water, gin and water, &c."

He laughed heartily, although it made me angry ; also, I confess, it made me excessively ashamed to have talked about suicide.

"Do you know what ails you ?" said he.

"Yes," I replied, "I have a broken heart."

"Broken fiddlestick," said he, "you have the dyspepsy. Diet yourself ; go to bed early ; rise early ; exercise much."

I have done so ; I am now a healthy and a happy man. I smile to think I was going to blow my brains out, because I had the dyspepsy.

THE OLD WORLD.

BY GEORGE LUNT.

THERE was once a world, and a brave old world,
 Away in the ancient time,
When the men were brave and the women fair,
 And the world was in its prime ;
And the priest he had his book,
 And the scholar had his gown,
And the old knight stout, he walked about,
 With his broad sword hanging down.

Ye may see this world was a brave old world,
 In the days long past and gone,
And the sun it shone, and the rain it rained,
 And the world went merrily on.
The shepherd kept his sheep,
 And the milkmaid milked the kine,
And the serving man was a sturdy loon,
 In a cap and a doublet fine.

And I've been told in this brave old world,
 There were jolly times and free,
And they danced and sung, till the welkin rung,
 All under the greenwood tree.

The sexton chimed his sweet, sweet bells,
And the huntsman blew his horn,
And the hunt went out with a merry shout,
Beneath the jovial morn.

Oh! the golden days of the brave old world
Made hall and cottage shine ;
The squire he sat in his oaken chair,
And quaffed the good red wine ;
The lovely village maiden,
She was the village queen,
And, by the mass, tript through the grass
To the May-pole on the green.

When trumpets roused this brave old world,
And the banners flaunted wide,
The knight bestrode the stalwart steed,
The page rode by his side ;
And plumes and pennons tossing bright,
Dashed through the wild melee,
And he who prest amid them best
Was lord of all, that day.

And ladies fair, in the brave old world,
They ruled with wondrous sway ;
But the stoutest knight was lord of right,
As the strongest is to-day.
The baron bold he kept his hold,
Her bower his bright ladye,
But the forester kept the good greenwood,
All under the greenwood tree.

Oh, how they laughed in the brave old world,
And flung grim care away !
And when they were tired of working,
They held it time to play.

The bookman was a reverend wight,
With a studious face so pale,
And the curfew bell, with its sullen swell,
Broke duly on the gale.

And so passed on, in the brave old world,
Those merry days and free ;
The king drank wine, and the clown drank ale,
Each man in his degree.
And some ruled well, and some ruled ill,
And thus passed on the time,
With jolly ways in those brave old days,
When the world was in its prime.



FRIENDSHIP'S GIFT.

There was no heart that quailed —
No steel remained unclasped :
But every eye flashed forth in zeal,
And every hilt was grasped !

Amidst that dreadful strife,
They fell as warriors fall !
Their life was to their country pledged —
Its banner is their pall !

With love like that which glows
Within a brother's breast,
Their comrades seek their loved remains,
And bring them here to rest.

Oh ! 't was a mournful task
To seek the gallant dead —
To lift again the clay-cold form,
And fresh, warm tears to shed.

Hang up their honored sword,
Enwreathed with laurel bough —
And on their breast the olive lay,
For they sleep peaceful now.

THE DIVINITY STUDENT.

ANONYMOUS.

"I DARE say you have all seen the poor forlorn *crazy* man, John Philips, who used to go about the country dressed sometimes in petticoats, sometimes in trousers, but always with such a strange motley mass of duds hanging about him, that it was difficult to guess whether he was a man or woman, till the evidence of his long matted beard settled the doubt." "I remember him well," cried both man and wife, "poor harmless object. He was always asserting that he was like St. Paul, for too much learning had made him mad." "Too true, too true indeed," said Simon, with a tear glittering in his eye. "Too much learning did make admirable John Philips mad! There was not a cleverer nor a better lad in Scotland than he, and he might have raised himself to any office in the kingdom by taking the right course, so splendid were his talents, so delightful his disposition, — but nothing would satisfy his mother unless John would be a minister. He obeyed her, — and you

have seen the result. After having learned reading, and writing, and arithmetic, and read more books than half the boys of his rank read in a life-time,—his character for ability, integrity, and sound sense, was such, that when only thirteen years old, he would have been taken by a respectable and thriving merchant as under-clerk. With this gentleman he was sure to rise, and he would, in all human probability, have raised every member of his family along with him, so kind, so dutiful, so good was he ; but all that would not do for his mother, so to Latin he went. For a while the increased industry of father and mother sufficed to meet the ever-increasing expense : but by the time he got to college, the younger children began to be abridged of their teaching. First, the girls got no arithmetic,—then the boys,—next, the youngest girl was not taught to write, and the youngest boy could hardly read, and could neither write nor spell when he was taken from school. ‘ John would make up all that to them, and more, when he came home,’ was their mother’s consolation for their and her privations. The children’s and the father’s Sunday clothes became their every-day wear, and no new, hardy, home-made jackets and trousers supplied their place. Mirth and glee no longer resounded in their cottage, but long toil, long fasts, and scanty fare came in their stead.

“ Meanwhile, John at College labored day and night, pinched himself of food and fire, and saved his

poor mother's hard-earned pittance to the very uttermost. During the vacations he saw the ruin at home, and a voice seemed constantly sounding in his heart, 'This is all for me!' Instead of spending his time in his studies, he labored with his hands, and did his uttermost at every vacant hour to bring up the education of the brothers and sisters who had been sacrificed for him. His eldest sister went out to service and also to harvest-work, and when he was ready to depart for college in November, she gave him a little packet, which he was not to open till he got to his lodgings, and, when he got there, he found with a bursting heart that it contained all her wages!

"His sad, pale countenance, perpetual diligence, and great talents and merits as a scholar, had not passed unnoticed by the professors; and when he went for his Greek ticket, the worthy man, with many complimentary and kind expressions, presented it to him gratis. Another—the professor of Logic, did the same. Still this generosity, and his utmost efforts and most rigid economy, could not save him from wants; the second winter was worse and severer than either; each succeeding season becoming more and more grievous, as his means and his strength and his spirit faded away.

"So passed some dismal years of his novitiate, ere the time came when he could obtain a license to preach. And during that sad and dreary period, whether at home or at college, his labors and anxie-

ties increased. In his lodgings, by the light of a wretched lamp, he sat, hour after hour, toiling his overwrought brains, grudging himself sleep and food, and even the foul and putrid oil by the smoky flame of which he was striving to write ; for, his thoughts constantly flew home, where, in imagination, he saw the ceaseless labors of his dear and indulgent parents, and the wan faces and scanty meals and extinguished light of their once joyful fireside. When at home, he wrote sermons, he wrote for magazines — for reviews — he attempted to teach here and there. His sermons were dead stock, his papers were ill-received and worse paid, at the best, — and were oftener rejected than admitted. As for his plans of teaching, to whatever hand he turned, he still found his poverty the cause of his continuing poor ; for in spite of all he could do, his small winnings never sufficed to furnish his wardrobe so as to enable him to dress permanently in a manner becoming his situation and views, because it always appeared to him that nothing he could win was his own, until he had replaced his parents and sisters and brothers in that state of comfort from which their liberality to him had thrust them. His teaching, therefore, was confined to those of the humblest rank, and even in this lowly task, his best feelings interposed to obstruct him. In his own parish, every scholar he could obtain must have been taken from the worthy, generous teacher, who had been his own early and liberal patron ; and, by

going to any neighboring parish, with the least prospect of success, he must have encountered a walk of six or seven miles, morning and evening; or else go into lodgings, the expense of which all his emoluments would not defray. Meek and retiring, he was easily rebuffed; and what in happier circumstances he would have received as a jest, — he now shrunk from as a rebuke or repulse, on which he would ruminate until his mind was filled with images of despair.

“At length, the eighth important session came; and as the period of his examination approached, these paroxysms of anxiety and desperation became more frequent and intense; and during his strenuous and almost incessant labors in preparation, which all but himself deemed nearly superfluous, his sleep forsook him and he lost all inclination for food. He sat continually poring over his books and papers, and began to feel with considerable alarm, that his mind wandered from the subjects of his study, and that he made no advance in his preparations. He doubled his efforts and increased the evil! He started to find he was often speaking to himself of he knew not what; and vainly tried to retrace his thoughts. Even while making the effort his mind wandered again, and he was haunted by an undefinable dread, a horrible suspicion that he was becoming insane.

“The period for examination came — and though his mind was in the most deplorable uproar, such was

the high place he held in the good opinion and good will of every member of the presbytery to whom his life and character were known, that he was passed without the slightest difficulty; his confused answers and bewildered air being imputed to the overwhelming diffidence so often the attendant on real merit and genius.

“ He was in arrears to his landlady, but she trusted one who was so sober and who had paid her hitherto; and in a somewhat more comfortable state of feeling he returned home.

“ He had now obtained the object of his own and his parent’s ardent wishes. He quitted the university with the esteem and admiration of his teachers — his license in his pocket, and complimented by the presbytery on his worth and talents. What did it all avail? — Who would, who could employ a starving half-clothed lad, more like a mendicant than a minister of the gospel? His coat was threadbare, his linen in rags, everything worn out. On his way home, as soon as he was clear of the city, he turned off the high road, and to save his shoes and stockings, took them off and pursued his way over the trackless hills upon his naked feet!

“ But in spite of all his care, at last his wardrobe was worn out, and he blushed to ask any one to recommend him even as a tutor. Even if he did presume to do so, what family would receive him in that or any other capacity! Here then he must stay, an

unceasing burthen on his beloved parents, or his dear and generous sister ; instead of being, as they had all so fondly anticipated, the comfort and support of those who had suffered and sacrificed so much for his sake ! sufferings and sacrifices, the thought of which continually lay like an icy hand upon his heart !

“ Such were the gloomy reveries to which he was a prey, when the widowed mother of an amiable young man of fortune, who had countenanced him at college, but who had lately died, sent him her departed son’s complete wardrobe, accompanied by a letter so delicate and so gratifying to all his feelings, that the gift, so unexpected and so ample, melted, soothed, and refreshed his poor young withering heart like balm. Soon after this, a member of the presbytery asked him to preach in his church on an approaching week-day, — a request received with a mixture of pleasure and dread, which agitated his enfeebled frame to the most violent degree. The day came ; still this diseased agitation continued. His whole family accompanied him to church. He expected, he wished this ; yet it gave him pain, and added to his terror — he could not, even to himself, tell why. In a turmoil of emotion, he ascended the pulpit, and his reading of the first psalm was nearly inaudible. He inwardly lifted his heart to God, imploring, struggling, and hoping to obtain composure whilst it was sung : and when it ended, he rose to pray with somewhat less agitation. Still his ears rang, and green

and blue clouds swam before his eyes — his luminous dark eyes, which, with intensity of feeling, he turned upwards, and clasped his hands in the attitude of adoration. During that moment of silent prayer, many present thought they had never seen a more beautiful or interesting youth. At that instant the congregation was startled by the loud crash of a broken window; and exactly as poor John Philips had opened his lips in a first effort to speak, a ball, flung by some unlucky boy, struck him on the face. It was all over. He fell back in the pulpit, and his miserable mother shrieked and fainted at the sight. The worthies and most influential of those present crowded round him with tenderness and sympathy, but their kindest encouragements were all unavailing. They vainly urged him to proceed with the service; it was even doubtful if he heard them. The silver cord was broken — the splendid intellect shattered — and he fled homewards, followed by his enthusiastic and almost delirious sister — both, under the influence of feelings which those who have never been so circumstanced are unfit to imagine. Oh, how unfit, then, are they to judge!

“His poor parents saw with dismay the wanderings of his noble mind, and did their best to soothe and reconcile him to his situation and to make him think lightly of the accident which had occurred. Whether they followed the best method cannot be known. Sometimes the most wholesome management only

feeds the disease ; and, in his case, every accident, every chance occurrence increased the evil ; and, in a few months, he was a hopeless, wandering madman !

“ Such, my good friends,” said Simon, after a little pause, and with a tremor in his voice, — “ such was John Philips, the most dear, and valued, and admired friend that ever Simon Frazer possessed.”

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

ANONYMOUS.

Of song so sweet and flight so free,
Gayest of birds, I wot are we ;
Nor cold, nor frost, nor snow we know,
Nor wintry blasts e'er on us blow.
 For joyous birds of passage are we,
 And summer is with us where'er we be.

We ever sport in purest skies,
And bright things ever greet our eyes ;
We take no scorn of rich or poor,
In every land of welcome sure.
 For joyous birds of passage are we,
 And summer is with us where'er we be.

On earth, on ocean, and on shore,
Fresh beauties rise as we pass o'er ;
The lowly lake, and mountain high,
Still brighten as we onward fly.
 For joyous birds of passage are we,
 And summer is with us where'er we be.

We mourn not brood behind us left,
Nor fear to be of freedom rest ;
No dread of ill gives us annoy,
Oh ! none would harm such things of joy.
 For joyous birds of passage are we,
 And summer is with us where'er we be.

When death's soft hand doth on us fall,
(For death will touch the hearts of all,)
On perfumed banks we fall asleep,
While over us sweet flowerets weep.
 For joyous birds of passage are we,
 And summer is with us where'er we be.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

I wish I could as merry be,
As when I set out this world to see,
Like a boat filled with good companie,
On some gay voyage sent.
There youth spread forth the broad white sail,
Sure of fair weather and full gale,
Confiding life would never fail,
Nor time be ever spent.

And Fancy whistled for the wind,
And if e'er Memory looked behind,
'T was but some friendly sight to find,
And gladsome wave her hand.
And Hope kept whispering in Youth's ear,
To spread more sail and never fear,
For the same sky would still be clear,
Until they reached the land.

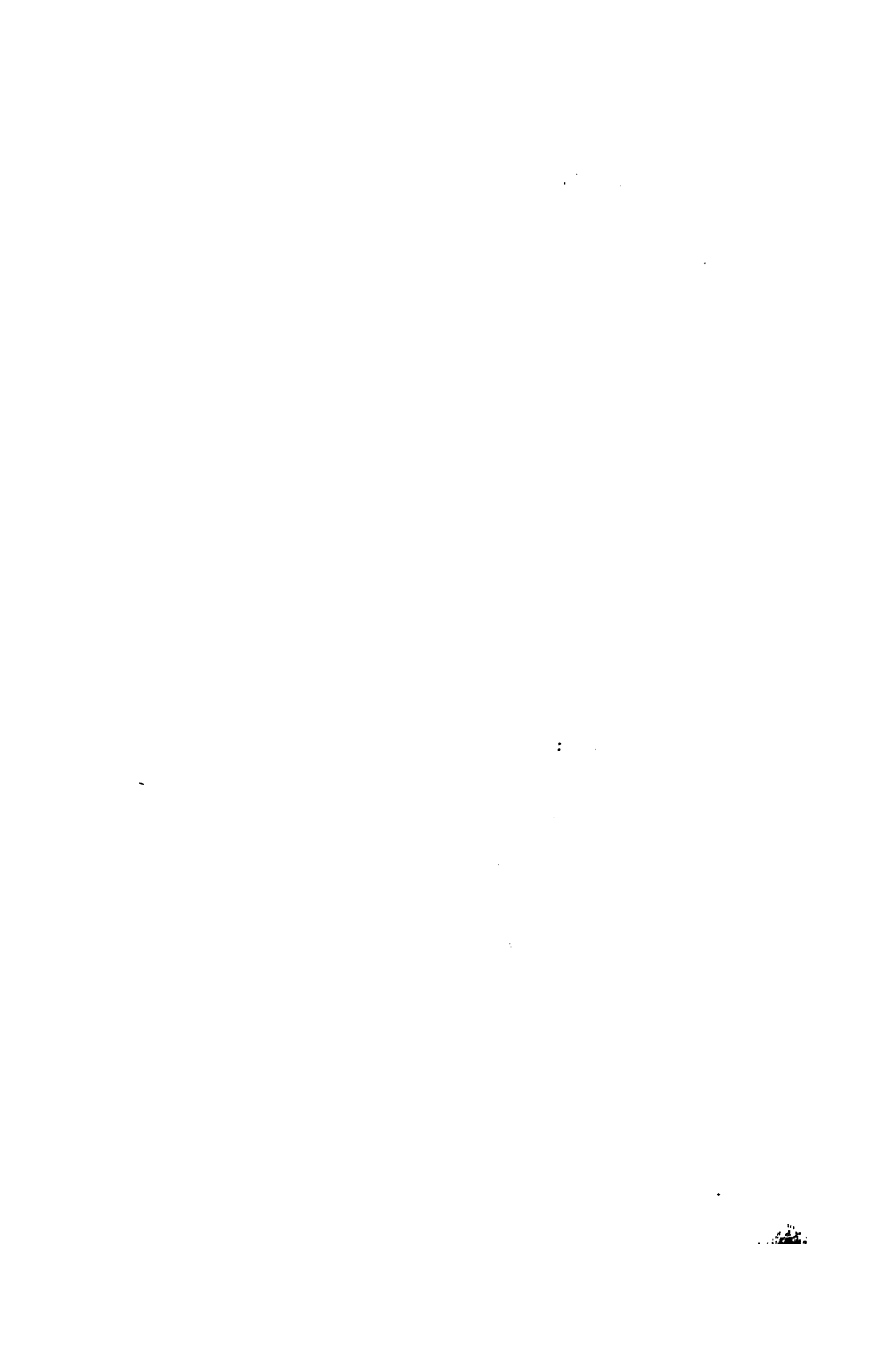
Health, too, and Strength tugged at the oar,
Mirth mocked the passing billow's roar,
And Joy with goblet running o'er,
Drank draughts of deep delight;
And Judgment was a child as yet,
And, lack-a-day! was all unfit
To guide the boat aright:—

Bubbles did half her thoughts employ,
Hope, she believed — she played with Joy,
And Fancy bribed her with a toy,
 To steer which way he chose —
But still they were a merry crew,
And laughed at dangers as untrue,
Till the dim sky tempestuous grew,
 And sobbing south winds rose.

Then Prudence told them all she feared ;
And Youth awhile his messmates cheered,
Until at length he disappeared,
 Though none knew how he went.
Joy hung her head, and Mirth grew dull,
Health faltered, Strength refused to pull ;
And Memory, with her soft eyes full,
 Backward her glance still bent —

To where, upon the distant sea,
Bursting the storm's dark canopy,
Light from a sun none more could see
 Still touched the whirling wave.
And though Hope, gazing from the bow,
Turns oft — she sees the shore — to vow,
Judgment grown older, now I trow,
 Is silent, stern, and grave.

And though she steers with better skill,
And makes her fellows do her will,
Fear says the storm is rising still,
 And day is almost spent.
O ! that I could as merry be,
As when I set out this world to see,
Like a boat filled with good companie,
 On some gay' voyage sent.



Denied to my chance-kindled fire
The wreath that belongs to the lyre,
Yet my good sword the battle shall join,
And chivalry's garland be mine.

Or victory, torn from the brow,
Of the Paynim, shall hallow my vow,—
Or fallen in the strife of the brave,
Young Glory shall beam on my grave!

Fare thee well, land of my birth,
The one spot most sacred of earth! —
At last I have burst through the spell
That bound my heart to thee! — Farewell!

A COUNTRY STORY.

BY JOHN CARVER.

Good sir, reject it not, although it bring
Appearances of some fantastic thing,
At first unfolding ! — WITHER.

It was on a bitter cold evening in the month of December, that a number of neighbors had called in to say good-by to my cousin John, who was to start the next morning on a trip down the country, to dispose of some of the products of the farm. An hour or two had passed off very pleasantly over a mug of flip ; the more distant visitors had dropped away as the evening wore on ; the lumber-box had been loaded with firkins of butter, and boxes of cheese, and fitches of bacon, and all those innumerable knick-knacks which the farmer's wife sends to the market-town ; the commissions for gowns and ribands, patterns and fashions, had been repeatedly given ; and the remaining visitors were moving their chairs, as if half reluctant to quit the bright fireside, despite of the sleepy nods and

yawns of my good grandmother; when my uncle roared out with his stentorian voice, "Stop neighbors, don't go yet! we'll have another mug of flip, and Bowgun shall tell us a story."

It required but little urging to induce a general acquiescence in the proposal, for my uncle's flip and Captain Bowgun's stories were the toast of the whole neighborhood. Even my pretty cousin Jane, whose eyes had been closed for a long time, brightened up in the expectation of a tale, and every one's attention was directed to the Captain for the promised enjoyment.

"Well, boys, and what is it I'm to give you?" said Bowgun, in a tone something like that with which Matthews used to debut in his 'What's the news at Natchitoches?' and whom our old story-teller resembled in more points than one, — "Well, boys, and what is it I'm to give you? Shall it be a love story, or a witch story, or a ghost story, or" —

"Oh, a love story, by all means," exclaimed my fair cousin, whose eyes were brightening like diamonds at the thought, and turned full upon the old captain; "let it be a love story, and a good ending, won't you, Captain?"

"Whist, Jenny," said my uncle, "what has such a child as you to do with love stories? Leave Bowgun to his own fancy, and I'll be bound he'll tell us something pleasant."

"Doubtful about that!" answered the Captain; "such cold nights as this, with three feet of snow in

the old sap lot, and the prospect of a tramp through it, with the wind dancing rigadoons all the way, is n't just the thing to wake a man's ideas up to a good story. Any how, since your father asks it, I'll tell you one befitting the night, which I heard long ago, when I was a child; it's about the old haunted ground, over in Campton, where you know neither sheep, nor cattle, nor horses, ever live or thrive; and it was once, — but that's long ago, — the best piece of land in the country; and every traveller noticed how rich the farms were over the river."

"Stop, Captain!" said my uncle, interrupting him; "it's dry work, talking, — taste a drop of this, just to wet your whistle;" and filling a pint mug with the rich, foaming beverage, he handed it to the story teller, with "Much good may it do you, neighbor; bless your kind soul!"

The old man took the mug from my uncle's hand, and sipping once or twice from the cream-like surface of the hot liquid, which, unfortunately, he loved but too well, he smacked his lips and replied, "Thank you, Square; that goes to the right place; now for the story."

"I've told you," continued he, "that it's about the Campton marshes, where, you know, the cattle, and sheep, and horses, of the best farmer in old Strafford, would be scarce as my own in half a dozen years. It's been tried out and out repeatedly by many a hard worker; as any one may know from the large barns

and snug houses, for many a mile, all unroofed by the winds and crumbling to ruins, with nobody to take care of them, and not a soul to live there, except it may be some old wrinkled crone, who has more to do with Old Nick than with anything in this world. And yet the grass grows on the meadows as I never saw it anywhere else, except in old Oxbow, up in Coos; and the land runs away so smooth and so green, as far as the eye can see, that it would do one's heart good to ride through it, if you didn't know that it was as deceitful as it is fair. Some people say, it's the fog that rises every morning, and makes it unhealthy; and others, that the water is bad, and breeds diseases in the stock who drink it; but, to my mind, it's more the curse of Satan on what the Lord made good, than anything else, as the story I am going to tell you will show.

"There lived once upon the Bearcamp one William Montgomery, or, as he was called, Bill Mink, in consideration of his being the blackest white man anywhere about. It's a long time ago, before old Captain Lovewell had his battle at Fryeburgh with Powell and the Indians, when there was not a road from the Winnepissaukee to old Hampton, nor more than fifty settlers from Red Hill up to Canada. This Mink was the wonder of the country all about for strength, for he'd think nothing of felling an acre of first growth between sun and sun, and trimming it to boot; and he beat Samson in throwing a rock, or swinging an

anvil with his teeth, or taking a barrel of cider as you would a two-gallon wallet up at arms' length, and drinking from the bung-hole. But though he was the leader in all the country frolickings, he was as mild-tempered and peaceable a fellow as lived in the world, and would not have hurt a fly. For this reason many folks, who did not know Bill, fancied he was a coward ; and some men found, to their cost, that, though he was good-natured to a fault, yet he was not to be abused out of reason. Young Sam Hurchley, a bullying, bragging tailor's apprentice, in the heat of a row which they all got into at a country fair, threw a glass full of spirits into Mink's face and eyes, and so maddened him, that he caught him by the collar like the grip of a vice, and tossing him into the air as if he had been a real puppy, as he was, and catching him at arms' length as he came down, so frightened the poor breeches-mender, that he never looked full in a man's face afterwards.

“ Well, it happened that Bill Mink was one evening at a house-warming, two or three miles from home, where there was no lack of good things to eat and to drink. Bill was the life of the company ; and what with singing of songs, and telling of stories, eating of turkeys and chickens, and roast beef, and bacon, and drinking of good old cider, and New England and the best of Metheglin, he got somewhat irregular ; not worse than the others, perhaps, for all were hearty-like ; and as they came home the woods rang with the

shouts and laughter of the merry blades. It was a clear cold evening in December, and the frost sparkled in the moonlight, like diamonds and jewels. Bill's path lay farther on than the others were to go; and as they turned off, one after another, they bade him "good night and a pleasant walk home." Bill did not like the idea of a two-mile walk through the woods and nobody with him, but still he held up his spirits—and whistling to keep off the thoughts of spirits and bogles—for Bill was a firm believer in ghosts and all that—he went on his way. The path lay along by the side of a hill for nearly half a mile, and then ran down into an intervale of the Bearcamp, a tract of rich soil which Bill had bought of the proprietor, making a journey all the way to Boston on purpose, and where he meant to build him a house in the earliest spring. As he came down the hill, he thought he heard a sound over among some white pine that he had selected for framed timber; and listening a moment, he made sure that some one was chopping his trees. Bill's temper was up in a minute; so, springing into the forest, he pretty soon came upon a black stout man, with a shock of curly black hair, who was most lustily cutting away at the finest tree in the woods.

"'Halloo, there!' cried Bill, 'what in the devil are you doing?'"

"'Chopping trees!' answered the black man, without so much as looking up, or stopping for a minute.

"Bill was confounded at the black man's cool impudence, and hesitating a minute, he replied, 'So I see ; but do you know this is my timber ?'

" ' You lie ! ' surlily answered the black man.

" Bill's temper was up in a minute : for though you might tease him all day, and he never get angry, yet he was a fellow of spirit, and would take the lie from no man. ' What's that you say ? ' asked he with a stern voice, advancing his foot, and showing a pair of huge fists, just ready to strike. ' What's that you say, sir ?'

" ' I say you lie ! ' said the other, never once looking up, nor taking any notice of Bill's threatening attitude.

" ' Take that, then ! ' said Bill Mink, dealing him a blow which would send the stoutest to the earth, but which had no more effect on the black man than if he had been made of iron.

" ' Ha, ha, ha ! ' shouted the negro, with a short fiendish laugh ; ' so you dare to strike me, do you ? I'll pay you for this. You shall ride round this land you call yours, my good fellow, and point it out to me, *and I'll drive ;*' and cutting down a stout beech sapling, he commenced peeling the bark into a broom, such as old Dinah makes to sell at the corner.

" Bill Mink was now terribly frightened, and knew not what to do. He could not run away, for it was a long mile to the cabin, and he was sure the black man would overtake him before he got half way there. He

could not conceal himself among the tall trees; and as for opposing a man who cared no more for his blows than if they had been pops of parched corn, it was hopeless enough. The only way he could think of, was to appease the black fellow with an apology for striking him, quit his claim to the land, and so try to come off on good terms. Mustering all his courage, then—for he trembled like an aspen leaf—Bill stammered out, ‘I say, friend, you may have the timber, only forget the blow I gave you, and so quit even.’

“‘Ha! backing out, are you?’ returned the other, who had now completed the broom and held it out to Bill: ‘that wont go! Here, mount this horse, I tell you, and ride round your farm.’

“Bill tried to object, but the black fellow’s eyes sparkled like fire, and he was forced to stride the strange horse. No sooner had he mounted, than the broom elevated itself above the surface of the ground, and started off over the intervale. On they went, the black fellow mounted behind him, up the hills, over the river, through the valleys, harum-scarum-like. Bill Mink was in a terrible fright, as you may well believe, for the courage of the liquor had all gone, and he didn’t think his life worth a rush peeling; so clinging with one hand to the broom—which was none of the easiest to ride, and taking off his hat with the other, and making a submission to the black fellow, he begged him to stop. I’m at your honor’s mercy en-

tirely, and I beg Heaven's pardon; and yours likewise, sir; and sure, if I thought that it was on account of my touching you——'

" 'Touching me!' roared the black fellow: 'D' ye call that blow touching me — or is it game you're making?'

" 'Well would it become the like of me,' said the blarneying Bill, 'to make game of a gentleman like yourself, and one that would not think it worth his while to hurt or harm a poor devil like me, who got a little overtaken with drink; — curse it! for it's like to be the ruin of me at last. Oh, Jenny, it is little you're dreaming in your snug bed, what an end I have come to! and my poor children——!' and at that Bill blubbered out, like a great schoolboy.

" 'Well, Bill, and what bargain will you make with me, if I let you off free?' says the black man.

" 'Bargain, sir?' answered Bill; 'any bargain in the wide world this blessed night that you may ask of me, will I make with you. Only name it, and see if I do not make it and keep it to your heart's content!'

" 'Bill Mink, you're the very man for me!' answered the black fellow; 'and I'll make you the richest man in the country, if you'll only promise me two or three things, and no harm to come to you either!''

" 'But he lied, didn't he?' interrupted my Uncle, who was swallowing down the story word for word as fast as the old man could tell it.

"Lied! to be sure he did!" answered Bowgum; "It's the Scripture that calls him a liar from the first, and the father of liars. 'T was Bill Mink's soul that he wanted — the cheat that he is — as you shall hear in a minute;" and taking the last drink from the mug, he resumed his story.

"Let me see — whereabouts was I? Oh, I remember: The devil says he ——"

"Then the black man was the devil after all, was he?" said my grandmother.

"To be sure he was," replied Bowgum; "but don't interrupt me. 'So you'll promise,' said the devil, to do what I tell you?"

"'I will,' said Bill.

"'Well, then, you shall have more shining dollars than there is in every farmer's chest between here and Dover.'

"'When?' says Bill; for the mention of the dollars, and he so poor a man, had quickened his appetite for the bargain. 'When?' says he.

"'This very night;' answered the black man, 'only sign this paper to do what I say!'

"'And what is to be done?' asked Bill Mink.

"'Advertise this land on the Bearcamp for sale!' said the black man.

"'Well?' answered Bill Mink.

"'Go to Boston; publish it in the papers; cut it up into building lots; draw it out on a map; lay roads; plan streets; cry up the water privileges; erect man-

nafactories ; build churches ; open stores ; put up houses'——

“ ‘ What, all on paper ? ’ inquired Bill Mink, who was quite out of breath, at the rapidity of the directions.

“ ‘ To be sure ! ’ answered the black man.

“ ‘ Open a land office in Boston ; employ a clerk ; send circulars over the city ; cover your table with plans and drafts ; fill your desks with deeds ; work hard ; think much ; talk largely ; — in short, become a flourishing land speculator.’

“ ‘ Ay, ay,’ said Bill Mink.

“ ‘ Encourage buyers, with fair promises and long credits ; work up an excitement ; identify it with religion ; seduce the parson ; coax the deacons ; ’ ——

“ ‘ Egad, I will,’ said Bill Mink.

“ ‘ In short, build up a great city where a tree is not cut, nor a swamp drained ; stir up emigration ; enlist capitalists ; promise dividends ; cheat the widows ; rob the heirs ; lure the merchants to over-trade ; ’ ——

“ ‘ I’ll lure them to the devil,’ said William.

“ ‘ You are the very man for me,’ exclaimed the black fellow ; ‘ now sign the paper.’

“ By this time Bill was dismounted from his awkward steed ; so sitting down on a half-decayed log, he signed the paper, and started for home.

“ Before spring there was great excitement in the good city of Boston, about the wild lands in New

Hampshire. Governor Wentworth had recently been appointed to preside over the province, and was making preparations to build him a splendid mansion, far in from the sea-board. Sellers were about in every quarter. The land was said to be the most fertile of any in New England, and nothing was talked about save city lots and splendid sites, pine timber and intervaies, mill privileges and new roads. Great fortunes were made in a day; and he who yesterday wrought laboriously for the mere sustenance of life, to-day stood foremost as the wealthiest man on 'change. To be sure, some of the grave old puritans, who had got rich by selling pins and needles, shook their heads, and doubted to what all this would grow; but this was to be expected — they were behind the age, and every body pronounced them to be obstinate unbelievers.

“ Among the great men whom this ebullition of the times threw prominently upon the surface, was one Mr. Montgomery, who had a land office in Cornhill. Nobody knew who he was, or whence he came, and nobody cared. It was enough that he lived in princely style, owned houses on Beacon Hill, gave costly dinners, set up a superb livery, and was the most civil, complaisant, and urbane man in the whole city of Boston. His office was crowded from morning to night with eager buyers of new lands in New Hampshire, and his opinions were quoted as absolute in all matters relating to the value of real estate on

the frontiers. Such bargains as he had sold were never before known, and the city he had laid out on the Bearcamp river, it was believed, would rival Boston in less than fifty years. Was any one desirous of growing suddenly rich, let him go to No. 17, Cornhill; was a merchant in want of investments, Mr. Montgomery would sell him such stocks as even London could not boast; were a family of rich heirs desirous of secure dividends, the land office was the never-failing resort; — in short, to every one Mr. Montgomery seemed the moving spirit of the time. The golden age had again come to visit the world, and William Montgomery, Esquire, was the Midas who had brought it.

“The summer passed away — autumn came and went — chill winter set in — and still there was no abatement of the great bargains in New Hampshire lands. The coming of spring was looked forward to with great interest, for then the first colony was to move northward, to the far-famed Bearcamp. Houses were framed — bricks were imported — mechanics were hired — stores were provided — farming tools were bought up — furniture was packed, and every thing made in readiness to start by the earliest spring. The El Dorado of the western continent had in very deed at last appeared in sight.

“In the midst of all these expectations, when the whole city rang with the noise of busy preparation, one morning No. 17 was closed. A crowd was gathered about the door at the usual time of opening,

but no clerk appeared. An hour passed by—the crowd had increased far up and down the street, and great impatience began to be manifest, when it was whispered by somebody, that Mr. Montgomery had been absent from home all night. A messenger was despatched to ascertain the truth of the report; but before he could return, a person came running up the street, announcing that Mr. Montgomery was probably drowned, his hat and cane having been found floating on the water, near Long Wharf. The consternation was great:—a general meeting of the citizens was called together—boats with grappling irons were ordered to drag the bay:—but nothing was ever found of the body, and to this day it remains in doubt what was the fate of the land speculator.”

“And what became of his property,” asked my uncle.

“Oh, the town appointed trustees to settle that, but they did not find enough to pay a penny on a pound. His houses were mortgaged, his chests were empty, his horses and carriages had disappeared, and his bonds and mortgages were all blank paper, handsomely labeled and sealed; his”——

“But the old intervale in Campton? who owned that?”

“That was cleared and settled, after a time, by some of the buyers, but the owners never flourished; and to this day there is not a thriving farm on the Bearcamp.”

“No wonder!” said my grandmother, “*for the devil sold it.*”

THE HEBREW'S PRAYER.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

A HEBREW knelt, in the dying light,—
His eye was dim and cold,
The hairs on his brow were silver-white,
And his blood was thin and old!
He lifted his look to his latest sun,—
For, he knew that his pilgrimage was done!—
And as he saw God's *shadow* there,*
His spirit poured itself in prayer!

"I come unto death's second-birth,
Beneath a stranger-air,
A pilgrim on a dull, cold earth,
As all my fathers were!
And men have stamped me with a curse,—
I feel it is not *Thine*,
Thy mercy — like yon sun — was made
On me — as them — to shine;
And, therefore, dare I lift mine eye,
Through that, to Thee,— before I die!

* Plato calls Truth the body of God, and Light his *shadow*! — perhaps the sublimest of all conceptions, having a merely mortal breast for their birth place.

"In this great temple, built by Thee,
Whose altars are divine,
Beneath yon lamp, that, carelessly,
Lights up Thine own true shrine,
Oh! take my latest sacrifice,—
Look down, and make this sod
Holy as that where long ago,
The Hebrew met his God!

"I have not caused the widow's tears,
Nor dimmed the orphan's eye,
I have not stained the virgin's years,
Nor mocked the mourner's cry;
The songs of Zion, in mine ear,
Have, ever, been most sweet,
And, always, when I felt Thee near,
My 'shoes' were 'off my feet'!

"I have known Thee, in the whirl-wind,
I have known Thee, on the hill,
I have loved Thee, in the voice of birds,
Or the music of the rill! —
I dreamt Thee, in the shadow,
I saw Thee, in the light,
I heard Thee, in the thunder-peal,
And worshipped, in the night!
All beauty, while it spoke of Thee,
Still made my soul rejoice,
And my spirit bowed within itself,
To hear Thy 'still-small voice'! —
I have not felt myself a thing
Far from Thy presence driven;
By flaming sword or waving wing,
Shut out from Thee and heaven!

"Must I the whirlwind reap, because
My fathers sowed the storm,
Or shrink — because *another* sinned, —
Beneath Thy red right arm ?
Oh ! much of this we dimly scan,
And much is all unknown, —
But I will not take my curse from *man*,
I turn to Thee, alone !
Oh ! bid my fainting spirit live,
And what is dark reveal,
And what is evil, oh ! forgive,
And what is broken heal,
And cleanse my nature, from above,
In the deep Jordan of Thy love !
"I know not if the Christian's heaven
Shall be the same as mine,
I only ask to be forgiven,
And taken home to Thine !
I weary on a far, dim strand,
Whose mansions are as tombs,
And long to find the father-land,
Where there are many homes ! —
Oh ! grant, of all yon starry thrones,
Some dim and distant star,
Where Judah's lost and scattered sons
May love Thee, from afar !
When all earth's myriad harps shall meet,
In choral praise and prayer,
Shall Zion's harp — of old, so sweet, —
Alone be wanting, there ?
Yet place me in Thy lowest seat,
Though I — as now — be, there,
The Christian's scorn, the Christian's jest ;
But let me see and hear,
From some dim mansion in the sky,
The bright ones, and their melody !"

THE ANNIVERSARY.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

"The world was all before us, where to choose
Our place of rest, and Providence our guide."

Milton.

TWENTY chequered years have passed,—
Summer suns and wintry weather,—
Since, our lot in concert cast,
First we "climbed the hill" together.

And the world before us lay
In its brightest colors drest,
As we took our joyous way
To select our place of rest.

Fortune's smiles we could not boast;
Fame — we had not dream't of Fame!
Friendship, e'n when needed most,
We had only known — by name.

So, despising trappings rich,
We decked our bower with humbler things,
And in friendship's empty niche
Love installed — without his wings!

There, though twenty years have fled,
Chequered o'er by good and ill,
He lifts aloft his beaming head,
The same, young, household still!

They laid her in a narrow bed,
The foeman of her land and race;
And sighs were breathed, and tears were shed,
Above her lowly resting place; —
Ay! glory's crimson worshippers
Wept over her untimely fall,
For deeds of mercy, such as hers,
Subdue the hearts and eyes of all.

To sound her worth were guilt and shame,
In us who love but gold and ease; —
They heed alike *our* praise or blame,
Who live and die in works like these.
Far greater than the wise or brave,
Far happier than the fair and gay,
Was she, who found a martyr's grave
On that red field of Monterey.

THE DISCLAIMER.

A TALE OF ROME.

"Know that the human being's thoughts and deeds
Are not like ocean billows lightly moved;
The *inner world* his microcosmus is —
The deep shaft out of which they spring eternally."

I KNOW of few situations more favorable to the indulgence of a habit — doubtless of questionable utility in these utilitarian days, although sanctioned by the example of no less a personage than Geoffrey Crayon — the habit of day-dreaming, than that of a traveller when cosily ensconced within the narrow limits of an Italian *vettura*. If the coach is old, the steeds superannuated, and the *vetturino* utterly devoid of Jehu ambition, as is ordinarily the case — if the road abound in long, winding declivities — if the passengers be taciturn, and the quiet, sunny atmosphere of early autumn prevail, such a combination of circumstances will produce upon his mental mood somewhat the effect of lateral sunbeams shining through richly-colored windows, upon the marble floor

of a cathedral. The images of Memory and Hope will appear magnified, and lit up into soothing beauty, as revealed by the mellow light of musing. At least, such was my experience during the afternoon of a long day, the evening of which we designed to pass under the shelter of the Seven Hills, whence the thunders of ancient eloquence and war were so lavishly fulminated. Aroused by the exclamation of a Tuscan friar, my next neighbor, who had mistaken a semicircular cloud floating in the far horizon, for the dome of St. Peter's, I began to note the state of things around. Our humble locomotive was creeping up a hill, formidable only from its length, and the customary murmur of paupers at the windows was blending with the rumbling of the carriage and the monotonous cheerings of the *vetturino*. Suddenly a face peered in at the window, so singular and startling in its features and expression, as to convey an impression never to be forgotten. The beggar throng seemed to have been awed into a retreat by the stranger's appearance; so that the idea, that he was of their fraternity, was banished as soon as suggested. Grasping the knob of the coach door, and leaning over till his long dark beard rested on the window sill, he gazed with stern mournfulness upon us, and muttered, in a subdued, quiet tone, alternately in German and Italian, — "I did n't do it," till our vehicle reached the summit of the mountain, when, at the renewed speed of the horses, he stopped, waved his hand, looked after us a moment, and was lost to view.

While we were tarrying at the gate, to obtain the requisite signatures to our passports, a fine-looking old gentleman, one of the occupants of the cabriolet, perceiving my thoughts were still upon the remarkable intrusion we had recently experienced, seemed disposed to converse on the subject.

"Was not that a head for Salvator's pencil?" he asked.

"Ay — think ye he could not unfold a tale meet for Dante's *Inferno*?" inquired the friar.

The old man seemed somewhat offended, and turned away without replying.

"Can you tell me aught of this man?" I asked.

"Signor," he replied, "perhaps I can. We shall doubtless meet ere many days, at the *caffè* or on the Pincian" —

He was interrupted by the officer who returned us our passports, and in a moment after we were rattling by the fountain in the Piazza del Popolo, most of us absorbed in the thousand varying emotions with which the stranger for the first time enters the Eternal city.

Whoever would effectually banish the disagreeable impression which the first view of the Forum, when seen by the garish light of day, almost invariably induces, should early avail himself of a moonlight evening, to renew his visit. The wood merchants, lounging among their cattle and diminutive carts — the score of ant-like excavators, and the groups of improvidents, are then no longer visible, and the

scene exhibits something of the dignity which we spontaneously associate with Roman ruins. At such a season I had perambulated, more than once, the space between the Arch of Titus and the Temple of Peace, and began to wonder that no other sojourner had been tempted by the auspicious light to roam thither—for the moon was nearly full, and the atmosphere remarkably clear—when, happening to glance toward the Coliseum, I saw a stately figure emerge from the pile, as if to answer my conjecture. There are circumstances under which the sight of a human being—simply as such—is an event of profound interest. Thus it was on this occasion; and I stepped from the shadow of the ruin near which I was standing, that the stranger might be aware of my presence. Immediately his steps were directed toward me, and, while yet at some distance, the voice in which his salutation was uttered, convinced me that my aged *compagnon de voyage* was approaching. In a few moments we were seated upon a bench which some laborers had left among the weeds, muffled in our cloaks; and thus the old man spoke in answer to my entreaties for his promised tale.

“It is a curious study, signor, to trace the inklings of superstition, where the general vein of character is vivacious or its elements intense. And it is, perhaps, impossible for an unimaginative mind to understand the deep interest which urges some men daringly to touch the sensitive and latent chords of the human

heart, in order to call forth their mystic music. Yet with Carl Werner, the love of thus experimenting was a passion. Not that he lacked susceptibility; on the contrary, the very refinement of his feelings led him to speculate upon the deeper and more intricate characteristics of his race. Deeply imbued with the transcendental spirit which distinguishes the intellectual men of his country, his curiosity was essentially ideal. Several years ago he arrived in Rome, and was soon domesticated in the family of Christoforo Verdi, whose suit of apartments were directly above a range of studios in one of the most extensive buildings in the *Via Condotta*. His rooms, as you must be aware, if you have many acquaintances among the German residents here, were, at this time, a great resort for northern artists. Berenice Verdi, his only child, was one of those beings who seem destined to pass through life without being justly apprehended even by their intimates. There was a peculiar want of correspondence between her ordinary manner and real disposition. She was playful rather than serious, and yet beneath a winning sportiveness of demeanor, deep and strange elements of feeling and fancy were glowing. Between Carl and Berenice there grew up a strong sympathy; and yet the sentiment could not be called love. Indeed, her habitual treatment of her father's young friend was what the world would have called coquettish. She was ever rallying him on his peculiarities, and he was ever acting the phi-

losopher rather than the beau. But the truth was, she deeply revered Carl, and was drawn toward him by his very isolation and kindness; and he saw farther into her character than any one else, and was sensible of an interest such as the consciousness of this insight alone, would naturally inspire. Berenice was nervous and excitable in her temperament, and susceptible to the awful in romance beyond any being I ever knew. Carl wielded this influence with the freedom and power of an imaginative German. She felt his sway, and, like other unacknowledged victims in the social universe, strove, perhaps unwittingly, by an assumed appearance, to keep out of sight reality.

"Carl came to Rome professedly as an artist; but the views, the motives, the very spirit of the man were as totally unlike those which influence and characterize the multitude of students of painting and sculpture who frequent this region, as his physiogomy; and that, you are aware, is sufficiently remarkable. One trait, which I observed at once, was sufficient to distinguish him from the herd. So wide and seemingly impassable, in his mind, was the chasm between conception and execution, that his genius, inventive and active as it was, appeared completely thwarted and bewildered. The few results of its exercise with which I am acquainted, were called forth by the appeal of friendship; and these were altogether insufficient to rescue the young German from the charge of idleness and apathy brought against him, some-

times with no little asperity, by some members of his fraternity. But Carl duly received his remittances, discharged his obligations, contributed his moiety toward the convivial enjoyments of his compatriots, and molested no one; and, therefore, he was permitted to enjoy his eccentricities in comparative peace. One or two letters were, indeed, forwarded by a pretentious acquaintance to his nearest relative, suggesting the expediency of incarcerating him in an insane asylum; but as no notice was taken of the epistles, it is presumed they shared the common fate of voluntary advice, and were treated with perfect indifference, silent indignation, or contempt. The conduct which induced such a procedure was, in truth, such as an ordinary observer would naturally ascribe to mental aberration; and, strictly speaking, it might have been thus accounted for philosophically. Carl passed the greater part of every night amid these ruins; his speculations on the obelisks, treasures of the Vatican, and even on the opera performances, were as unintelligible to most persons as they were intrinsically peculiar. But his chief peculiarity was that to which I first alluded — a disposition to play upon the minds of his fellow beings, by addressing their hopes and fears through the medium of imagination. I could not now relate the thousand anecdotes I have heard in illustration of the force of this propensity in him. The single, fatal in-

stance, of the effects of which I was personally a witness, will suffice.

“ One evening, while Carl and several brother artists were enjoying their coffee at Christofero's, the conversation turned upon portrait painting, and finally upon the attempts of artists to portray themselves. Berenice — who just before had related a dream, in which several of the old portraits in the Barbarini Palace seemed to her suddenly endowed with life, and to converse together on some of the political interests of their times — rallied Carl as being the only one of the *coterie* who had not attempted his own likeness. ‘ Confess, Werner,’ said she, ‘ that the fear of not doing justice to thy notable phiz, has deterred thee from any endeavor to prepare even a sketch for thy friends in Leipsic. I doubt if thou wouldst allow Titian and Raphael, should they re-appear, to share the honor of depicting thee.’ Carl made no reply save by composedly sipping his favorite beverage ; and when the laugh had subsided, the subject was forgotten in the discussion of some other topic.

“ On a fine afternoon, a few days after this interview, Carl and Berenice incidentally met on the dark stair-way. It was not usual for the former to go forth at that hour, and the latter was in a conversable humor. By way of beginning a colloquy, she begged the loan of a particular drawing. Werner, as usual, expressed his readiness to oblige her, and hurried on ; but after descending a few steps, he turned round, as

if a sudden and important thought had struck him. 'Berenice,' said he, 'go not to my room for the sketch; I will bring it thee in an hour.' Having thus spoken, he hastened away, the iron-shod heels of his boots ringing on the stone stairs, till he reached the street door — then, returning, with a noiseless tread, to his studio, he so arranged the window curtains as to exclude all light except the chastened rays that gleamed through the upper panes, and shot obliquely across the room, leaving the side which was hung with paintings in shadow. Here he had previously stationed an easel upon which rested a fresh and richly-draped portrait, while from its edge, masses of green cloth fell in folds to the floor, so that nothing but the projecting top and slanting position of the machine rendered it cognizable. To cut out, with a sharp penknife, the head from the picture, and insert his own living head in its place, to comb the hair and whiskers outward upon the canvass so as to render it impossible to distinguish the actual from the portrayed, to fix his dark, deep eye upon a distant point, and compose into death-like quietude the lines of his expressive countenance, — all this with Carl was but the work of a moment.

"Meantime Berenice might be heard restlessly pacing the narrow bounds of her little *boudoir* overhead, her mind occupied precisely as Werner had anticipated. 'What can Carl be about?' she musingly inquired; 'now what if we have laughed him into tak-

ing his own portrait? A capital joke, truly, to broach at supper to-night! What! the independent, self-sufficient Werner, who lives in the clouds, spurred into unwonted action by the ridicule of us — common mortals? Ha! ha! There can be no harm in taking a single peep into his sanctum. By this time he is on the other side of the river, or in the Villa Borghese.' And with these reflections, Berenice ran down, and stole gently into the apartment of the mysterious artist.

"Her eye fell directly upon the countenance of Werner. 'Conceited as ever!' she exclaimed, regarding the elegant drapery depicted upon the canvass; 'and the likeness, — poh! that's no better than it should be; the brow is too ample, the eye too expressive; that scornful play of the lip, though, is right. Well, I suppose this flattered, wooden-looking portrait must be lauded as the best product of the pencil since Vandyke's time — and all because of the industrious, affable and gifted Carl Werner, of Leipzig!' As Berenice uttered the last sentence, in a tone of irony, she fixed her gaze upon the eyes of the portrait. The echo of her words seemed marvellously prolonged, and just as it died away, the solemn chant of a priestly train, about to administer the last sacrament to the dying inhabitant of the next dwelling stole mournfully up from the street. The latent superstition of Berenice was awakened. Her gaze became more steadfast. She thought, she dreamed, — nay,

she felt that those eyes were reading her soul as they full oft had done ; the electric fluid which only *living* eyes can communicate was perceptibly radiated : the very lips seemed wreathing into a meaning smile, and the lines of the forehead working as she had seen them in his thoughtful moods. She would have given worlds to have withdrawn her gaze ; but the illusion was too complete. She kneeled down from very feebleness and awe, and folding her arms fervently upon her bosom, as if to still its audible throbbings, she gazed on like a fascinated bird. Cold dew distilled upon her brow ; the fever of her blood dried it away, and now its surface was calm, and unmoistened, like newly-chiseled marble.

“ Her emotions, individually intense as they were, in their now concentrated energy, were momentarily growing more unendurable. She leaned forward in an agony of expectation. The aspect of the portrait remained unchanged, but from the lips stole out, in the tones which had won her heart, the single word — ‘ *Berenice!* ’ It struck her ear like the knell of a catastrophe. She uttered one despairing cry, and sunk upon the floor. That ejaculation was borne on her last breath.

“ When my efforts had been unavailingly exhausted in efforts to resuscitate the unfortunate lady — for being the nearest physician, I was first called — my attention was turned toward the wretched originator of the tragedy. Werner lay crouched upon the carpet,

gazing with an expression in which insanity and despair were strangely blended, upon the form of Berenice. Reason was now, indeed, overthrown. Perceiving himself noticed, he crawled to my feet, and looking piteously up, murmured in a convulsive tone — '*I didn't do it.*' His constant repetition of this phrase, year after year, has obtained for him the title of THE DISCLAIMER. Remorse peoples his imagination with her awful images. And he will doubtless be a wanderer, feared by the rabble and pitied by few, till accident or disease lays low his powerful frame, and enfranchises from the thrall of insanity his extraordinary and aspiring spirit."

SECRET COURTSHIP.

BERANGER.

A blind mother sits in a cottage, beside her pretty daughter, and cautions her against love, while, all the time, an amatory scene is going on between the girl and the very lover whom the old dame dreads.

DAUGHTER, while you turn your wheel,
Listen to the words I say.
Colin has contrived to steal
Your unthinking heart away.
Of his fawning voice beware,
You are all the blind one's care.
And I mark your sighs, when'er
Our young neighbors' name is heard.
Colin's tongue is false, though winning —
Hist! the window is unbarred!
Ah! Lisette, you are not spinning!

The room is close and warm, you say;
But, my daughter do not peep
Through the casement — night and day
Colin there his watch doth keep.
Think not mine a grumbling tongue:
Ah! here at my breast you hung,
I, like you, was fair and young,

And I know how apt is love
To lead the youthful heart to sinning —
Hist ! the door, I hear it move,
Ah ! Lisette, you are not spinning !

It is a gust of wind you say,
That hath made the hinges grate ;
And my poor, old growling Tray,
Must you break for that his pate ?
Ah, my child, put faith in me ;
Age permits me to foresee
Colin soon will faithless be,
And your love to an abyss
Of grief, will be the sad beginning —
Bless me ! sure I heard a kiss !
Ah ! Lisette, you are not spinning !

'T was your little bird you say,
Gave that tender kiss, just now ;
Make him cease his trifling, pray,
He will rue it else, I vow.
Love, my girl, oft bringeth pain,
Shame and sorrow, in its train,
While the false, successful swain,
Scorns the heart he hath beguiled
From true virtue's path to sinning —
Hist ! I hear you move, child !
Ah ! Lisette, you are not spinning !

You wish to take the air you say ;
Think you, daughter, I believe you ?
Bid young Colin go his way,
Or at once, as bride receive you !

Let him go to church, and there
Show his purpose to be fair ;
But, till then, beside my chair
 You must work, my girl, nor heed —
All his vows, so fond and winning,
 Tangled in love's web, indeed —
Lisette, my daughter, mind your spinning!

THE BLUE E'ED LASSIE.

BY JOHN IMLAH.

I LO'E thee, lassie ! ah ! how weel,
Nae thocht can reach — nae word reveal —
As nane hae felt — as nane can feel,
My bonnie blue e'ed lassie, O.

I lo'e thee mair, sweet Isabel,
Than sign can show, or tongue can tell
My love, my life, my second sel',
My bonnie blue e'ed lassie, O.

O ! then by lip or look convey,
How I may wile thy heart away,
And I will bless thee night and day,
My bonnie blue e'ed lassie, O.

Say, shall I roose thy rougish mou',
Or praise thy pawkie e'en sae blue,
What shall I say ? what can I do ?
My bonnie blue e'ed lassie, O.

Should cares combine, and ills increase,
To wreck my pleasure, rest, and peace —
Were life but torment — death release,
My bonnie blue e'ed lassie, O.

For thy sweet sake — for thine alane,
'Through toil and trouble, grief and pain,
I'd live to lo'e, and ca' my ain.

My bonnie blue e'ed lassie, O.

SONG.

ANONYMOUS.

THE birds have sung themselves to rest,
That flitted 'round our bower;
The weight of the night-dew has bowed
The head of every flower;

The ringing of the hunter's horn
Has ceased upon the hill;
The cottage windows gleam with light,
The harvest song is still!

And safe and silent in the bay,
Is moored each fisher's prow;
Each wearied one has sought his home.
But where, my love, art thou?

I picked a rose, a red blush rose,
Just as the dews begun,
I kissed its leaves, but thought one kiss
Would be a sweeter one.

I kept the rose and kiss, I thought
How dear they both would be!
But now I fear the rose and kiss
Are kept in vain for thee!

THE TALKING LADY.

BY MISS MITFORD.

BEN JONSON has a play called *The Silent Woman*, who turns out, as might be expected, to be no woman at all — nothing, as Master Slender said, “but a great lubberly boy;” thereby, as I apprehend, discourteously presuming that a silent woman is a non-entity. If the learned dramatist, thus happily prepared and pre-disposed, had happened to fall in with such a specimen of female loquacity as I have just parted with, he might, perhaps, have given us a pendant to his picture in the *Talking Lady*. Pity but he had! He would have done her justice, which I could not at any time, least of all now: I am too much stunned; too much like one escaped from a belfry on a coronation day. I am just resting from the fatigue of four days’ hard listening; four snowy, sleety, rainy days — days of every variety of falling weather, all of them too bad to admit the possibility that any petticoated thing, were she as hardy as a Scotch fir, should stir out,—four days chained by “sad civility” to

that fire-side, once so quiet, and again — cheering thought! again I trust to be so, when the echo of that visiter's incessant tongue shall have died away.

The visiter in question, is a very excellent and respectable elderly lady, upright in mind and body, with a figure that does honor to her dancing-master, a face exceedingly well preserved, wrinkled and freckled, but still fair, and an air of gentility over her whole person, which is not the least affected by her out-of-fashion garb. She could never be taken for any thing but a woman of family, and perhaps she could as little pass for any other than an old maid. She took us in her way from London to the West of England: and being, as she wrote, “not quite well, not equal to much company, prayed that no other guest might be admitted, so that she might have the pleasure of our conversation all to herself,”— (*Ours!* as if it were possible for any of us to slide in a word edgewise!) — “and especially enjoy the gratification of talking over old times with the master of the house, her countryman.” Such was the promise of her letter, and to the letter it has been kept. All the news and scandal of a large county, forty years ago, and a hundred years before, and ever since, all the marriages, deaths, births, elopements, lawsuits and casualties of her own times, her father's, grandfather's, great-grandfather's, nephew's, and grand-nephew's, has she detailed with a minuteness, an accuracy, a prodigality of learning, a profuseness of proper names, a pedantry of locality,

which would excite the envy of a county historian, a king-at-arms, or even a Scotch novelist. Her knowledge is astonishing ; but the most astonishing part of all is, how she came by that knowledge. It should seem, to listen to her, as if, at some time of her life, she had listened herself ; and yet her countryman declares, that in the forty years he has known her, no such event has occurred ; and she knows new news, too ! It must be intuition.

The manner of her speech has little remarkable. It is rather old-fashioned and provincial, but perfectly lady-like, low and gentle, and not seeming so fast as it is ; like the great pedestrians she clears her ground easily, and never seems to use any exertion ; yet, " I would my horse had the speed of her tongue, and so good a continuer." She will talk you sixteen hours a day for twenty days together, and not deduct one poor five minutes for halts and baiting time. Talking, sheer talking, is meat and drink and sleep to her. She likes nothing else. Eating is a sad interruption. For the tea-table she has some toleration ; but dinner, with its clatter of plates and jingle of knives and forks, dinner is her abhorrence. Nor are the other common pursuits of life more in her favor. Walking exhausts the breath that might be better employed. Dancing is a noisy diversion, and singing is worse ; she cannot endure any music, except the long, grand, dull concerto, which nobody thinks of listening to. Reading and chess she classes together as silent barbarisms,

unworthy of a social and civilized people. Cards, too, have their faults; there is a rivalry, a mute eloquence in those four aces, that leads away the attention; besides, partners will sometimes scold; so she never plays at cards; and upon the strength of this abstinence had very nearly passed for *serious*, till it was discovered that she could not abide a long sermon. She always looks out for the shortest preacher, and never went to above one Bible meeting in her life. "Such speeches!" quoth she, "I thought the men never meant to have done. People have great need of patience." Plays, of course, she abhors; and operas, and mobs, and all things that will be heard, especially children; though for babies, particularly when asleep, for dogs and pictures, and such silent intelligences as serve to talk of and talk to, she has a considerable partiality; and an agreeable and gracious flattery to the mammas and other owners of these pretty dumb things is a very usual introduction to her miscellaneous harangues. The matter of these orations is inconceivably various. Perhaps the local and genealogical anecdotes, the sort of supplement to the history of * * * * shire, may be her strongest point; but she shines almost as much in medicine and housewifery. Her medical dissertations savor a little of that particular branch of the science called quackery. She has a specific against almost every disease to which the human frame is liable; and is terribly prosy and unmerciful in her symptoms. Her cures

kill. In house-keeping, her notions resemble those of other verbal managers ; full of economy and retrenchment, with a leaning towards reform, though she loves so well to declaim on the abuses in the cook's department, that I am not sure that she would very heartily thank any radical who should sweep them quite away. For the rest, her system sounds very finely in theory, but rather fails in practice. Her recipes would be capital, only that somehow or other they do not eat well ; her preserves seldom keep ; and her sweet wines are sure to turn sour. These are certainly her favorite topics ; but any one will do. Allude to some anecdote of the neighborhood, and she forthwith treats you with as many parallel passages as are to be found in an air with variations. Take up a new publication, and she is equally at home there ; for though she knows little of books, she has, in the course of an up-and-down life, met with a good many authors, and teazes and provokes you by telling of them precisely what you do not care to hear, the maiden names of their wives, and the Christian names of their daughters, and into what families their sisters and cousins married, and in what towns they have lived, what streets, and what numbers. Boswell himself never drew up the table of Dr. Johnson's Fleet-street courts with greater care, than she made out to me the successive residences of P. P., Esq., author of a tract on the French Revolution, and a pamphlet on the Poor Laws. The very weather is not a safe subject. Her

memory is a perpetual register of hard frosts, and long droughts, and high winds, and terrible storms, with all the evils that followed in their train, and all the personal events connected with them, so that if you happen to remark that clouds are come up, and you fear it may rain, she replies, "Ay, it is just such a morning as three and thirty years ago, when my poor cousin was married—you remember my cousin Barbara—she married so and so, the son of so and so;" and then comes the whole pedigree of the bridegroom; the amount of the settlements, and the reading and signing them over night; a description of the wedding-dresses, in the style of Sir Charles Grandison, and how much the bride's gown cost per yard; the names, residences, and a short subsequent history of the bridesmaids and men, the gentleman who gave the bride away, and the clergyman who performed the ceremony, with a learned antiquarian digression relative to the church; then the setting out in procession; the marriage; the kissing; the crying; the breakfasting; the drawing the cake through the ring; and finally, the bridal excursion, which brings us back again at an hour's end to the starting-post, the weather, and the whole story of the sopping, the drying, the clothes-spoiling, the cold-catching, and all the small evils of a summer shower. By this time it rains, and she sits down to a pathetic see-saw of conjectures on the chance of Mrs. Smith's having set out for her daily walk, or the possibility that Dr. Brown may

have ventured to visit his patients in his gig, and the certainty that Lady Green's new house-maid would come from London on the outside of the coach.

With all this intolerable prosing, she is actually reckoned a pleasant woman! Her acquaintance in the great manufacturing town where she usually resides is very large, which may partly account for the misnomer. Her conversation is of a sort to bear dividing. Besides, there is, in all large societies, an instinctive sympathy which directs each individual to the companion most congenial to his humour. Doubtless, her associates deserve the old French compliment, "*Ils ont tous un grand talent pour le silence.*" Parcelled out amongst some seventy or eighty, there may even be some savour in her talk. It is the *tete-a-tete* that kills, or the small fire-side circle of three or four, where only one can speak, and all the rest must seem to listen—*seem* did I say?—must listen in good earnest. Hotspur's expedient in a similar situation of crying "Hem! Go to," and marking not a word, will not do here; compared to her, Owen Glendower was no conjurer. She has the eye of a hawk, and detects a wandering glance, an incipient yawn, the slightest movement of impatience. The very needle must be quiet. If a pair of scissors do but wag, she is affronted, draws herself up, breaks off in the middle of a story, of a sentence, of a word, and the unlucky culprit must, for civility's sake, summon a more than Spartan fortitude, and beg the torturer to

resume her torments — “That, that is the unkindest cut of all !” I wonder, if she had happened to have married, how many husbands she would have talked to death. It is certain that none of her relations are longlived after she comes to reside with them. Father, mother, uncle, sister, brother, two nephews, and one niece, all these have successively passed away, though a healthy race, and with no visible disorder — except — but we must not be uncharitable. They might have died, though she had been born dumb : — “It is an accident that happens every day.” Since the disease of her last nephew, she attempted to form an establishment with a widow lady, for the sake, as they both said, of the comfort of society. But — strange miscalculation ! she was a talker too ! They parted in a week.

And we have also parted. I am just returning from escorting her to the coach, which is to convey her two hundred miles westward ; and I have still the murmur of her *adieux* resounding in my ears, like the indistinct hum of the air on a frosty night. It was curious to see how, almost simultaneously, these mournful *adieux* shaded into cheerful salutations of her new comrades, the passengers in the mail. Poor souls ! Little does the civil young lad who made way for her, or the fat lady, his mamma, who with pains and inconvenience made room for her, or the grumpy gentleman in the opposite corner, who, after some dispute, was at length won to admit her dressing box, —

little do they suspect what is to befall them. Two hundred miles ! and she never sleeps in a carriage ! Well, patience be with them, and comfort and peace ! A pleasant journey to them ! And to her all happiness ! She is a most kind and excellent person, one for whom I would do anything in my poor power—ah, even were it to listen to her another four days.

SHAKSPEARE.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

Deeply reverent as are now the countless worshippers of Shakspeare, there breathed not one, perhaps who worshipped the bard with a more ardent and purer feeling, than Laman Blanchard; in proof of which let these lines testify, which were written—On the first page of a volume intended for the reception of essays and drawings illustrative of Shakspeare:—

Like one who stands
On the bright verge of some enchanted shore,
Where notes from airy harps, and hidden hands,
Are, from the green grass and golden sands,
Far echoed, o'er and o'er,
As if the tranced listener to invite
Into that world of light.

Thus stood I here,
Musing awhile on these unblotted leaves,
Till the blank pages brighten'd, and mine ear
Found music in their rustling, sweet and clear,
And wreathes that fancy weaves,
Entwined the volume — fill'd with grateful lays,
And songs of rapturous praise.

No sound I heard,
But echoed o'er and o'er our Shakspeare's name,
One lingering note of love, link'd word to word,
Till every leaf was as a fairy bird,
Whose song is still the same;
Or each was as a flower, with folded cells
For Plucks and Ariels!

And visions grew —
Visions not brief, though bright, which frosted age
Hath failed to rob of one diviner hue,
Making them more familiar, yet more new —
These flashed into the page;
A group of crowned things — the radiant themes
Of Shakspeare's Avon dreams.

Of crowned things —
(Rare crowns of living gems and lasting flowers),
Some in the human likeness, some with wings —
Dyed in the beauty of ethereal springs —
Some shedding piteous showers
Of natural tears, and some in smiles that fell
Like sunshine on a dell.

Here Art had caught
The perfect mould of Hamlet's princely form —
The frantic Thane, fiend-cheated, lived, methought;
Here Timon howl'd; anon, sublimely wrought,
Stood Lear amid the storm;
There Romeo droop'd, or soared, while Jacques, here,
Still watched the weeping deer.

And then a throng
Of heavenly natures, clad in earthly vest,
Like angel-apparitions, pass'd along ;
The rich lipp'd Rosaline, all light and song,
 And Imogen's white breast ;
Low-voiced Cordelia, with her stifled sighs,
 And Juliet's shrouded eyes.

The page, turned o'er,
Show'd Kate — or Viola — ' my Lady Tongue,'
The lost Venetian, with her living Moor ;
The Maiden-Wonder, on the haunted shore,
 Happy, and fair, and young ;
Till on a poor, love-martyr'd mind I look —
 Ophelia at the brook.

With sweet Anne Page
The bright throng ended ; for, untouched by time,
Came Falstaff, laughter-laurell'd, young in age,
With many a ripe and sack-devoted sage !
 And deathless clowns sublime,
Crowded the leaf, to vanish at a swoop,
 Like Oberon and his troop.

Here sate, entranced,
Malvolio, leg trapp'd ; — he who served the Jew
Still with the fiend seem'd running ; — then advanced
Messina's pretty piece of flesh, and danced
 With Bottom and his crew ;
Mercutio, Benedick, press'd points of wit,
 And Osrick made his hit.

At these, ere long,
Awoke my laughter, and the spell was past ;
Of the gay multitude, a marvellous throng,
No trace is here — no tints, no word, no song,
On these bare leaves are cast —
The altar has been rear'd, an offering fit —
The flame is still unlit.

O! who now bent
In humble reverence, hopes one wreath to bind
Worthy of him, whose genius, strangely blent,
Could kindle "wonder and astonishment"
In Milton's starry mind!
Who stood alone, but not as one apart,
And saw man's inmost heart.

BETTER DAYS.

ANONYMOUS.

BETTER days are like Hebrew verbs, they have no present tense ; they are of the past or future only. "All that's bright must fade," says Tom Moore. Very likely ; and so must all that's not bright. To hear some people talk, you would imagine that there was no month in the year except November, and that the leaves had nothing else to do than to fall off the trees. And to refer again to Tom Moore's song, about the "Stars that shine and fall," one might suppose that by this time all the stars in heaven had been blown out like so many farthing candles in a show-booth at Bartle-my fair ; and as for flowers and leaves, if they go away, it is only to make way for new ones. There are as many stars in heaven as ever there were in the memory of man, and as many flowers on earth, too ; and perhaps more in England, for we are always making fresh importations. It is all very well now and then to have a bit of a grunt, or a growl, or a grumble, or a lamentation ; but one mend-fault is

worth ten find-faults, all the world over. It is all right enough when the barometer of the purse is low — when the stomach is out of order — to say that things are not as they used to be ; and I would not for all the world deprive an honest man of the pleasure of grumbling ; it is an Englishman's birthright. But I don't like to see a matter of feeling made a matter of history and philosophic verity ; let us have our growl and have done with it. But some croakers remind one of the boy who said his grandmother went up stairs nineteen times a day and never came down again. Or, to seek for another resemblance, they may be likened to the Irish grave digger, who was seen one night looking about the churchyard with a lantern in his hand. " What have you lost, Pat ? " " Oh, I have lost my lantern ! " " You have your lantern in your hand. " " Oh, but this is a lantern I've found, it is not a lantern I have lost. " Thus it is with men in general : they think more of the lantern they have lost, than of the lantern they have found. It is true indeed, that things are not what they were with any of us.

Great changes have taken place, and more are daily taking place ; but there are greater changes in our feelings and apprehensions than there are in the external world or in the general frame of society. What a great change must have taken place between the time of the siege of Troy and the days of Homer : for the poet speaks of Ajax pelting Greeks with stones

of such a bigness, that ten or a dozen men of the degenerate days in which Homer lived—could not lift such a one. Ever since his time, things have been growing worse and worse, so that now I dare say, the human race, compared to what it was during the siege of Troy, is not much more than a noble army of gnats. Nothing is as it was ; the people grow worse and worse, generation after generation, and the inhabitants of the earth become more and more attenuated, till at length there will be nothing left of them—they will become gradually invisible. The sun does not shine so brightly as it used to, and the seasons—every body says they are changed. There is a great deal of truth in this—there is no denying it. But the worst of this matter is, that there is too much truth in it. The evidence of the mutation of the seasons from youth to manhood is so superabundant, that by proving too much, it proves nothing.

Between the years 1740 and 1750, Horace Walpole wrote some letters, which have since been printed and published. I have not a copy now at hand to refer to ; but I distinctly remember reading in them a lamentation on the change of the seasons. The writer complains that on Midsummer day he is writing by the fire-side ; and he pettishly says, “ We have now no summer in this country but what we get from Newcastle ; ” and presently after he adds, that it was not so when he was young. Now I think when Horace Walpole was young, Dean Swift was old ; and yet

Dean makes the same complaint. Still more curiously, the poet Cowper, writing about forty years after Horace Walpole, makes the same complaint, lamenting that neither winters nor summers were such as they used to be. Those who are now living, who were children when Cowper complained that the summers were not so hot, nor the winters so cold as they used to be, do now make the same complaint as he did then.

In the year 1818, the summer was remarkably fine and dry, and all the people began to cry out on the beauty of what they called an old fashioned summer. To be sure it was old fashioned summer ; so are all summers old fashioned summers. There is a passage in Tacitus, which describes the climate of this country just as it might be described now. I could quote latin ; but as I have no particular end to answer in looking learned, I make the extracts from Dr. Allken's translation of the life of Agricola. " The sky in this country is deformed by clouds and frequent rains, but the cold is never extremely rigorous. The soil, though improper for the olive and vine, and other productions of warmer climates, is fertile and suitable for corn. Growth is quick, but maturation slow, both from the same cause, the great humidity of the ground and atmosphere." There, now, can any thing be plainer than that ? And yet we talk about the changes of the seasons as if the sun was worn out, and all things were going wrong. There always have

been occasionally very hot summers, and occasionally very cold winters. Nineteen years ago, there was a fair on the Thames. That winter was not the rule, it was the exception. Whatever changes there is, is in ourselves. Reader, you are acquainted with persons of thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, and perhaps eighty years of age. Ask them all if the seasons have not changed since they were young, though the respective periods of their youth were at several intervals, you will find them all in the same story.

It is precisely the same with regard to manners. The deterioration of manners we do not perceive so soon as we do the changes of the seasons. We take our impressions of the seasons at about the age of ten, and from that to fifteen ; but our impressions of manners we take at our first entrance into the world. All changes that have taken place since that time we regard as innovations — as a kind of deflexion from the standard of propriety. Whatever was the fashion when we first came to years of discretion, was rational ; whatever had then ceased to be the fashion, was anticipated, formal and ridiculous ; and what has come into the fashion since then, is all a change for the worse — a departure from propriety and reason, altogether new fangled. The word “ new fangled ” is a charming word ; it expresses such a pleasant pungency of satire, and implies a delighted assumption of wisdom on the part of him who uses it. The mind by time acquires a kind of rigidity ; it does not like

to be put out of shape or out of place ;— change disturbs it and makes it angry. Then it looks back to better days, when none of the villainous innovations were known, which are now so prevalent in every thing. I am glad that I am neither gas nor steam, for it would break my heart to be abused as they have been.

But of all the regrets of the better days that are gone by, none are more pathetic than the lamentations for the loss of all our great men. What marvellously great men did live in the days that are past ! This, of course, says the triumphant croaker, must be admitted. There is no denying that Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, Scott, Byron, Pitt, Fox, Canning, Sheridan, are all gone, and have not left their likenesses behind. It is no easy matter to conceive any human being more proud and happy than a triumphant croaker. If you stop a man in the midst of his lamentation and prove to him, as clear as light, that he has no good ground for complaint, you seem to inflict an injury upon him ; but if he can repel your arguments, and establish his own growling position beyond all question, he is far happier than if he had never had any cause of complaint. Is there, says he, a man now living who can write as Shakspeare wrote ? Very likely there is not ; but if there were, he would be quite a superfluity ; we have as much Shakspeare as we want — and so of all the rest.

The cause of his style of reproaching the present

by referring to the past, is to be found in the loud lamentations, which mark the departure of great men from the sublunary scene. When a distinguished man dies, the public feels a loss. Funeral, elegy, monument, epitaph, biography, all make the loss more talked about. But when a great genius is born into the world, there is no talk about it. We notice the great trees that are cut down, but we regard not the saplings that are springing up in their place. Thus we think that we live in sad, degenerate days, and thus we get into the habit of looking upon great men as good for nothing till they are dead. In the book of the Proverbs of Solomon, it is said, that a living dog is better than a dead lion. Perhaps it may be ; but we do not in general seem to hold this doctrine ; indeed, we regard the living as dogs, and the dead as lions.

I think another cause of our looking back on the past as on better days, may be found in the fact that we are all growing older. The world is not half so pretty and wonderful to us now as it was when we were young. To a boy, a schoolmaster is often an awful and a great personage ; he is regarded with admiration, as a miracle of majesty, and a paragon of knowledge. Old Busby knew that, when he kept his hat on in the presence of royalty in his own school room. But what a different idea of schoolmasters we acquire when we are grown up to man's estate ! We measure all things by the standard of our own feelings ;

we have no other rule to go by ; and if we feel ourselves growing old and wearing out, we think that the world is growing old and wearing out ; and if our eyes grow dim, we think that the sun shines more feebly than he was wont to do ; and if our feelings grow obtuse, we fancy there is nothing in the world worth caring for ; and if we go to the scenes of our boyish holidays, and if our boyish feelings do not return to us — we fancy that the place is sadly altered. I remember hearing one of the greatest puppies that ever lived complain of the conceit and affectation of young men of the present generation, and say, “ It was not so when I was young.”

LEAVING HOME.

ETONIAN.

SWEET spot ! I leave thee with an aching heart,
As down the stream my boat glides smoothly on ;
With thee, as if I were a swain, I part,
And thou the maiden that I doated on.

I ne'er shall view yon woody glen again ;
That lowly church, calm promiser of rest ;
Yon white cots, free from riches and from pain,
Fantastic gems upon the mountain's breast.

Fast, fast, thou 'rt fading from my longing sight ;
The next bold turn, and thou art gone for aye, —
A dream's bright remnant on a summer night —
The faint remembrance of a love gone by.

Farewell ! and if Fate's distant unknown page
Doom me to wreck on Passion's angry sea,
I'll leave Philosophy to reasoning age,
And charm the tempest with a thought on thee.

ATTENDING AUCTIONS.

BY M. M. NOAH.

THIS is the season of the year, preparatory to the first of May, when families sell their household furniture, either to purchase a new stock, or remove to the country, and these furniture auctions are attended by crowds of ladies. It is astonishing to witness the avidity with which the papers are examined for the purpose of discovering auction notices, and the bustle of early dress and preparation to visit the house from which the red flag is displayed. A continual current sets towards the mansion, particularly if the furniture is elegant and the owner fashionable; and in this squeeze we shall find persons of all characters and pursuits—some to replenish their stock—others to sell again—and most for their curiosity. A celebrated bachelor, who lately sold out, was honored with an immense party of young ladies, who came to pry into the comforts and mysteries of “single blessedness;” in such crowds, that the staircases, antechambers, and all the rooms were jammed as close as a bag of cotton.

There were shrieking and fainting, and every thing sold for twenty per cent. above its value, from a spirit of competition, and a want of practical knowledge; and this curiosity, we are bound to say, is carried to such an extreme, that even interdicted places, where rich furniture is to be sold, is incontinently visited by the ladies. Now, we like enterprise and competition, when judiciously directed; but it is quite amusing to witness some of the scenes, together with the ingenuity of the auctioneer, who, if clever, makes the most of these jarring conflicts. "That beautiful chimney glass, eighty inches by forty — a splendid size — very few to be had — thank ye for a bid, ladies and gentlemen." "Fifty dollars." "Oh, Mrs. Sightly, fifty dollars? one hundred and fifty you mean? why look at it; a little of the silver has run, but that's nothing — well, fifty to begin with — sixty — seventy — eighty — ninety — don't bid against yourself, Mrs. Jewel — no one bids more?" "Thank ye ma'am — going for one hundred." "She shan't have it," said Miss Plumtree, in a loud whisper to her mother — "let's go to ten more." "One hundred and ten — only half its value." "Mr. Auctioneer, can that hole in the silver be mended?" "Oh yes, ma'am, for a trifle — going at one hundred and ten — going, gone; 'tis yours, ma'm." The glass might have been worth eighty dollars. "Now that suit of magnificent curtains, crimson velvet with gold lace — cost one thousand dollars at Paris — were made for the duchess of

Poomstock, by the celebrated upholsterer, Monsieur Fringpau — I'll thank you for a bid, ladies and gentlemen — how much shall I say ?" "Are you sure, Mr. Auctioneer, that they once belonged to her grace, the duchess?" "Oh, quite sure ma'am — have the certificate of Mr. Swartwout, the collector." "Well, then, say seven hundred dollars" "Oh, my dear ma'am, such a bid for such a magnificent affair, got up by one of the royal upholsterers — well, seven hundred dollars — only seven hundred dollars bid — pray look at them, Mrs. Courtly, you won't let them go for that price?" "No, certainly not, one hundred dollars more." "Thank ye ma'am, I know your taste. Eight hundred dollars — eight hundred and fifty — not yet half the price — eight hundred and fifty-five; I'll take a five bid now — eight hundred and sixty, eight hundred and sixty-five; nobody bids more; going, going — last call. Such a splendid article from the palace of Montmorency, going for eighthundred and sixty-five dollars, can't help it — great sacrifice — going — gone." Larry Ackerman, or the Fyfes, or any of the New York upholsterers, would have knocked up a concern equally splendid for six hundred dollars. "Now for the paintings. A beautiful original of Raphael — The child eating citron — magnificent." "Are you certain it is a Raphael?" says a gentleman in specs. "Oh, positively, sir; we have the certificate from Brusells, from Mynheer Vonder Donk Sehilm pennick." "That's all right sir, I'll bid you one hundred dollars

for it." "Only one hundred dollars bid for Raphael, inimitable coloring, divinely conceived, and only one hundred dollars — one hundred and twenty, thirty, forty, fifty — that's brisk; go on, sir, we have only one third yet — sixty, seventy, two hundred; going at two hundred dollars — going, gone; Mr. Capias. Thank you, Mr. Capias; men of taste know what a good thing is." It was sold at the Arcade baths last week for forty two dollars; but no matter. Thus they go on, pushing, squeezing, jostling each other — rumpling the ladies' ruffs, over-bidding, getting excited by competition, buying things not wanted, and paying far above their value; and at three, they all go home to dinner, puffing, jaded and fatigued, and the next morning they are up bright and early for the new campaign.

THE EYE.

ANONYMOUS.

WHAT is the little lurking spell
That hovers round the eye?
Without a voice, a word can tell
The feelings as they fly. *

When tearless — it can speak of woe;
When weeping — still the same;
Or in a moment catch the glow
Of thoughts without a name.

Can beam with pity on the poor —
With anger on the proud
Can tell that it will much endure —
Or flash upon the crowd!

Now brightly raised, or now depressed
With every shade of feeling —
It is the mirror of the breast —
The thought, the soul revealing!

O! tones are false — and words are weak —
The tutored slaves at call —
The eye — the eye alone can speak —
Unfettered — tell us all!

PAUL ANDERSON'S LUCK.

ANONYMOUS.

I WAS shocked, a few days since, on opening a southern newspaper to notice, among the sudden casualties, the death of my old friend, Paul Anderson. Poor Paul! His life was anything but a happy one; and it is well, perhaps, that he is removed from the trials and perplexities which always clustered about his pathway. He terminated his existence by leaping from a steamboat bound up the Mississippi, and obstinately refused to avail himself of the assistance which might have saved his life.

There are people let into the world, now and then, who, struggle as they may, can never, as it is called, get ahead. Everything unlucky attends their down-sittings and their up-risings. They invest, but the dividends are not forthcoming. They buy and sell, but to no purpose. They dig and sow, but the harvest is never realized. Paul Anderson belonged to this class of unfortunates. His father was quite a different personage. He knew what it was to lie

down at night with the keys under his pillow, which every morning unlocked wealth sufficient to satisfy the most sordid avarice. But he died in a fit of anger with his only son, and left the bulk of his great fortune to a far distant seminary, whose benevolent object for educating indigent students was defeated, a few years after, by the defalcation of a pious professor, who speculated in western lands. Poor Paul ! But I am not writing history, but merely relating an anecdote illustrative of my remark, that some men are born to ill luck.

One day last summer, as we were walking together in the upper mall of our beautiful Common, Paul suddenly burst into a fit of laughter ; for, in spite of his troubles, he had a smile and a joke always ready. On my inquiring the cause of his sudden ebullition of jollity, he asked if I had ever heard of his experience in shop-keeping.

" No," said I, " my friend, but should like, above all things, to hear you relate them."

" They are brief as woman's love," he replied sorrowfully ; " and, if you have a mind to hear them, you shall ; but do n't laugh."

I promised to keep a serious face, and he began as follows :

" Two years ago I was casting about for some kind of business, whereby I might make both ends meet and live respectably, when all at once, it occurred to me that my friends, Welt and Company, wholesale

dealers in the boot and shoe business, would, perhaps, lend a helping hand to a poor fellow, and put me in the way of good luck. They consented, after many preliminaries, to give me on commission a small assortment of goods in their line, and recommended me to take a store in some fashionable part of the city. After a deal of perplexity, I succeeded in renting a showy establishment with immense windows, the panes of which, the owner assured me, cost forty dollars each to import. I worked like a slave till my shop was ready. A splendid sign, for which I ran in debt, glittered above the door. 'Paul Anderson, Boot and Shoe Store,' looked down beseechingly into everybody's face. It spoke a language which none could mistake. Well, on the morning of the fourth of July, at five o'clock precisely, the large windows, filled with men's thick and children's thin trotter-covers, were displayed for the first time to the public. A newsboy, going to get his papers, was the first to spy out the new establishment, and bawled out, as he went along, 'Aul Panderson, Shoot and Boo Store. Here's a go!' Oh, how I wanted to strangle him!

"I had engaged the services of a small, red-haired urchin, from the country, keen as a razor, and, altogether, a very desirable youth behind the counter. I drilled him a whole hour, myself playing the purchaser, over a pair of cowhide boots. I tried to beat him down, and haggled like a Jew for the abatement of a

ninepence; but he was firm and unalterably fixed to the first price. I thought he would do, and told him to serve me faithfully, and I would make a man of him. His eye glistened with gratitude, and I gave him a shilling to expend in articles most congenial to his *taste*. I had ever a fondness for military display, and, as it was quite early, I determined to leave the shop for a few minutes and take a look at the Common. After again charging Thomas to be careful and look out for my interest, I left in haste, saw all in ten minutes, and got back again quite out of breath. I forgot to mention that before going away I placed in the counter-drawer small bills to the amount of ten dollars, all I had in my pocket or any where else. This money I presumed would be wanted for *change*. Mark the sequel. On my arrival at the store, Thomas rushed to meet me on the sidewalk, with a cry of delight that he had made a sale during my absence. 'Yes,' said he, 'I've sold a pair of shoes for two dollars, and here is a 'leven dollar bill he gave me. I handed him back nine dollars — nine and two are 'leven — and that makes it jist right.' An eleven dollar bill! Death and destruction! I seized the note. It was a counterfeit two, with two figure ones in the corner, which my sharp salesman had mistaken for an eleven. The wretch! He had not only sacrificed a pair of shoes, but nine good dollars were likewise thrown away. I was about to demolish the urchin as I had done the hateful bill,

when a decent looking individual entered, and asked for boots well made and warranted to wear well. I forgot my misfortune while fitting him to a first rate pair. They sat beautifully. I had never seen a better fit. Just as he was about to pay me over a V, he put his hand to his head and roared out, 'Where is my little dog?' I told him I had not noticed the ingress of such a quadruped, but made search immediately for the animal under the counter, behind the boxes, everywhere, but he was not to be found. The man looked discomfited, and said he would look *outside* a moment. Fool-like, I let him go with my five-dollar boots on. Alas! nor man, nor boots, nor little dog returned again! The fellow decamped, and left me nothing but a pair of old slippers, decayed and very unpleasant looking withal. I flew round like a madman, and rushed out to shut up the shop. Foaming with rage, I seized a shutter, my foot slipped, and away it went, right through a forty-dollar pane of imported glass. I closed up business the next day, and gave the lad a note to his mother to this effect, that her son was a smart boy, very; but would not answer for my business."



TOWN AND COUNTRY.

THEODORE S. FAY.

CAN there be two things more unlike than the city and country? In the first, you have only air, light, and a piece of blue sky stretching above the compact rows of brick walls, to remind you of the original appearance of our planet. The very people seem animals of a different species as they push by, or peradventure almost run over you in the hurry of business. I have sometimes thought that real civility (I mean among strangers) decreased exactly in proportion to your approach to the metropolis. Away off in some obscure and quiet country village, you receive a polite salutation from every passenger; and troops of little girls and boys returning from school, address you with bows and courtesies of profound respect; but as you travel nearer the mighty Babel, you perceive a diminution of that pleasing tribute, till at length you reach the thronged streets, and, like a drop in the sea, are melted into the general mass, where much care is requisite to preserve your neck and your pocket book,

two articles, which to a man of business, as society is constructed, are of about equal importance. Nature is sadly metamorphosed in town. Only think that the tender grass and flower bushes have been torn away to make room for these broad, well worn flag stones. Perhaps on this very spot once stood a grove of venerable trees, and a torrent poured its silvery and flashing waters on toward the river; and, in olden times, perchance the spotted panther hath paused to drink; or the eagle, or the wild and beauteous deer hath here in a depth of loneliness, suited to its timid spirit, regarded his branching antlers in the mirror stream; and the dangerous snake hath glided along unmolested, or basked him in the noontide sun. And what have we now? A row of the three story brick houses, a grocery store, a lottery office, a tavern; signs too, St. Croix rum and sugar; fashionable hat store; commissioner to take the acknowledgment of deeds; John Thompson, shoemaker; Obadiah Todd, counsellor at law; and crowds of Presbyterians and Episcopalians, Adamsmen and Jacksonmen, pouring along like the tide of the pure and playful brook, above whose once music-breathing channel their shuffling foot steps fall. If we could know their history! Yonder is a noble looking gentleman. With what stateliness he moves along! I should esteem him a poet—an immortal poet. His eye is full of the fire of genius, and he treads as if he would disdain to save his life by means of a dishonorable action. Alas, for

Lavater ! and alas, for human nature. He is a poor devil of a fellow who lives by gambling. He has no more idea of poetry than his dog, and would betray his friend for five dollars. But take care, or you will run over that little, insignificant, shabby man at your right. Your eye has passed him carelessly. Look again. He is one of the most gifted of men. The philosopher — the orator — the writer. He has in him the wonderful power to wake in you the highest feelings. He sheds a flood of light upon every subject which he touches — he could thrill you with his fervid and glowing eloquence, and force every chord of your soul to vibrate ; and when he would speak, multitudes of the learned and great and beautiful flock to listen. Yonder is a crowd pressing together to enjoy the horror and anguish of that wretched woman. They say that she has committed a crime. She has been ground down by poverty — perhaps by hunger, and her sacreligious hand has snatched something which the law forbade. The people swear, and curse, and fight, to get near enough to witness her desperate struggles ; but two well fed, lusty constables have dragged her feeble form towards a cart in triumph. As the loud laughter announces her defeat, an ashy paleness overspreads her face — her head falls back — miserable creature — she is dead !*

I thought of these things as I wandered with a

*A real incident.

party of agreeable friends along a retired country road, which wound its way among gentle undulations, occasionally shaded by rich cool forests. Here was a contrast to the hub-bub of the town. We stopped upon the old boards of a rough bridge (just such a romantic affair as one sees in the theatre) to admire the scenery — look into the brook — watch the fishes — and the turn of the shining water as it fell over a little bed of stones. At this crisis, a great green bull frog, whether from vanity — for to say the truth, he was a fine, plump, gentlemanly looking fellow — or whether the unfriendly fates, sporting with frogs as well as men, had led him unconscious to the identical spot of all the winding stream towards which our several prying eyes were directed, it is not for me to assert ; but it is very certain that such an individual did issue forth from some nameless haunt or other, better known to himself than me, and, with a gentle and brief exclamation, expressive of content, as if the world went well with him, but rather difficult to translate into English, did place himself in a station, which, as the result will show, was a little too conspicuous. There he sat, with his great round eyes started both sides out of his head, and his countenance — which to his fellow frogs might have been a very fine one — expressive of an idea that he had got into a right comfortable situation. Whether he was young and enthusiastic, and, like ourselves, had come out to enjoy the beauties of nature, or whether he was an old

and experienced member of the community, or, as the newspapers express it, "an aged and respectable citizen," silently meditating 'upon the affairs of his watery world, we had no method of ascertaining. Many little stones, however, were thrown down at him, with various degrees of skill and success, one of which, I regret to state, hit him on the head, whereat he discovered evident signs of dissatisfaction, and abandoning our society with some abruptness, plunged down to the bottom among the sand and sedges, ruminating, probably, in no very pleasant mood, upon this additional instance of the instability of human affairs.

Blackberries grew in abundance by the road side, which we were not particularly averse to appropriate to the purpose for which I presume they were placed there ; and, merry as the birds which sometimes flitted across our path, we wandered as fancy led over these summer scenes — by the bay, through the woods, over fences, and down valleys ; breaking the silence of the green forest, and startling its timid and various inhabitants with the unaccustomed sounds of frequent laughter.

Time has a fine fashion of slipping along on these occasions : we are surrounded by so many innumerable objects which attract the eye and captivate the imagination. The bargain-driving, calculating, slavish varlet, whose life is frittered away in the narrow haunts of a great city in petty schemes to extort money from

all persons and on all occasions, finds among these winding roads, these lofty hills, built up by the ancient hand of nature, and sweetly decorated with her playful fancies, pleasing feelings are stirring which have been long idle in the depths of his character. The world, in his imagination, shows like some stupendous animal pursuing at a distance its uncouth gambols, and amid these overshadowing branches and ravines, he seems to find a shelter from its vague and unhappy dangers.

STANZAS TO A LADY.

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

Across the waves — away and far,
My spirit turns to thee;
I love thee as men love a star,
The brightest where a thousand are,
Sadly and silently;
With love unstained by hopes or fears,
Too deep for words, too pure for tears!

My heart is tutored not to weep;
Calm, like the calm of even,
Where grief lies hushed, but not asleep,
Hallows the hours I love to keep
For only thee and heaven;
Too far and fair to aid the birth
Of thoughts that have a taint of earth!

And yet the days for ever gone,
When thou wert as a bird,
Living 'mid flowers and leaves alone,
And singing in so soft a tone
As I never since have heard,
Will make me grieve that birds, and things
So beautiful, have ever wings!

And there are hours in the lonely night,
When I seem to hear thy calls,
Faint as the echoes of far delight,
And dreamy and sad as the sighing flight
Of distant waterfalls ; —
And then my vow was hard to keep,
For it were a joy, indeed, to weep !

For I feel, as men feel when moonlight falls
Amid old cathedral aisles ;
Or the wind plays, sadly, along the walls
Of lonely and forsaken halls,
That we knew in their day of smiles ;
Or as one who hears, amid foreign flowers,
A tune he had learned in his mother's bowers.

But I may not, and I dare not weep,
Lest the vision pass away,
And the vigils that I love to keep
Be broken up, by the fevered sleep
That leaves me — with the day —
Like one who has travelled far to the spot
Where his home should be — and finds it not !

Yet then, like the incense of many flowers,
Rise pleasant thoughts to me ;
For I know, from thy dwelling in eastern bowers,
That thy spirit has come, in those silent hours,
To meet me over the sea ;
And I feel in my soul, the fadeless truth
Of her whom I loved in early youth.

Like hidden streams, — whose quiet tone
Is unheard in the garish day,
That utter a music all their own,

When the night-dew falls, and the lady moon
Looks out to hear them play,—
I knew not half thy gentle worth,
Till grief drew all its music forth.

We shall not meet on earth again! —
And I would have it so;
For, they tell me that the cloud of pain
Has flung its shadows o'er thy brain,
And touched thy looks with woe;
And I have heard that storm and shower
Have dimmed thy loveliness, my flower!

I would not look upon thy tears, —
For I have thee in my heart,
Just as thou wert, in those blessed years
When we were, both, too young for fears
That we should ever part;
And I would not aught should mar the spell,
The picture nursed so long and well!

I love to think on thee, as one
With whom the strife is o'er;
And feel that I am journeying on,
Wasted, and weary, and alone,
To join thee on that shore
Where thou — I know — wilt look for me,
And I, for ever, be with thee!

THE CHINA JUG.

MISS MITFORD.

ONE of the prettiest rustic dwellings in our pretty neighborhood, is the picturesque farm-house which stands on the edge of Wokefield Common, so completely in a bottom, that the passengers who traverse the high road see indeed the smoke from the chimneys floating like a vapor over the woody hill which forms the back ground, but cannot even catch a glimpse of the roof, so high does the turfy common rise above it; whilst so steeply does the ground decline to the door, that it seems as if no animal less accustomed to tread the hill-side than a goat or a chamois could venture to descend the narrow foot-path which winds round the declivity, and forms the nearest way to the village. The cart-track, thridding the mazes of the hills, leads to the house by a far longer but very beautiful road; the smooth fine turf of the Common varied by large tufts of furze and broom rising in an abrupt bank on one side, on the other a narrow, well timbered valley, bordered by hanging woods, and terminated by a large

sheet of water, close beside which stands the farm, a low, irregular cottage snugly thatched, and its different out-buildings, all on the smallest scale, but giving the air of comfort and habitation to the spot that nothing can so thoroughly convey as an English barn-yard with its complement of cows, pigs, horses, chickens, and children.

One part of the way thither is singularly beautiful. It is where a bright and sparkling spring has formed itself into a clear pond in a deep broken hollow by the road-side: the bank all around covered with rich grass, and descending in unequal terraces, to the pool: whilst on every side around it, and at different heights stand ten or twelve noble elms, casting their green shadows mixed with the light clouds and the blue summer sky on the calm and glassy water, and giving, (especially, when the evening sun lights up the little grove, causing the rugged trunks to shine like gold, and the pendent leaves to glitter like the burnished wings of the rose beetle,) a sort of pillard and columnar dignity to the scene.

Seldom, too, would that fountain, famous for the purity and sweetness of its waters, be without some figure suited to the landscape; child, woman, or country girl, leaning from the plank extended over the spring, to fill her pitcher, or returning with it, supported by one arm on her head, recalling all classical and pastoral images, the beautiful sculptures of Greece, the poetry of Homer and of Sophocles, and even more than these,

the habits of oriental life, and the *Rachels* and *Rebeccas* of Scripture.

Seldom would that spring be without some such figure ascending the turfy steps into the lane, of whom one might inquire respecting the sequestered farmhouse, whose rose-covered porch was seen so prettily from a turn in the road ; and often it would be one of the farmer's children who would answer you ; for in spite of the vicinity of the great pond, all the water for domestic use was regularly brought from the Elmin Spring.

Wokefield-Pond farm was a territory of some thirty acres ; one of the "little bargains," as they are called, which once abounded, but are now seldom found, in Berkshire ; and at the time to which our story refers, that is to say, about twenty years ago, its inhabitants were amongst the poorest and most industrious people in the country.

George Mearing was the only son of a rich yeoman in the parish, who held this "little bargain" in addition to the manor farm. George was an honest, thoughtless, kind-hearted, good-humored lad, quite unlike his father, who, shrewd, hard, and money-getting, often regretted his son's deficiency in the qualities by which he had risen in the world, and reserved all his favor and affection for one who possessed them in full perfection, — his only daughter, Martha. Martha was a dozen years older than her brother, with a large bony figure, a visage far from prepossessing, a harsh

voice, and a constitutional scold, which, scrupulous in her cleanliness, and vigilant in her economy, was in full activity all day long. She seemed to go about the house for no other purpose than that of finding fault, maundering now at one, and now at another, — her brother, the carters, the odd boy, the maid, — every one, in short, except her father, who, connecting the ideas of scolding and good housewifery, thought that he gained, or at least saved money by the constant exercise of this accomplishment, and listened to her accordingly with great delight and admiration; “her mother,” thought he to himself, “was a clever managing woman, and sorry enough was I to lose her; but gracious me, she was nothing to Martha! where she spoke one word, Martha speaks ten.”

The rest of the family heard this eternal din with far less complacency. They agreed, indeed, that she could not help scolding, that it was her way, and that they were all fools to take notice of it; but yet they would flee, one and all, before the outpouring of her wrath, like birds before a thunder shower.

The person on whom the storm fell oftenest and loudest was of course her own immediate subject, the maid; and of the many damsels who had undergone the discipline of Martha's tongue, none was ever more the object of her objugation, or deserved it less, than Dinah Moore. But Dinah had many sins in her stern mistress's eye, which would hardly have been accounted such elsewhere. In the first place she

was young and pretty, and to youth and beauty Martha had strong objections ; then she was somewhat addicted to rustic finery, especially in the article of pink top-knots, — and to rosy ribbons Martha had almost as great an aversion as to rosy cheeks ; then again the young lass had a spirit, and when unjustly accused would vindicate herself with more wit than prudence, and better tempered persons than Martha cannot abide that qualification ; moreover the little damsel had an irresistible lightness of heart, and a gaiety of temper, which no rebuke could tame, no severity repress ; laughter was as natural to her, as chiding to her mistress ; all her labors went merrily on : she would sing over the mashing tub, and smile through the washing week, out-singing Martha's scolding, and out-smiling Martha's frowns.

This in itself would have been sufficient cause of offence ; but when Martha fancied, and fancied truly, that the pink top-knots, the smiles, and the songs were all aimed at the heart of her brother George, of whom in her own rough way, she was both fond and proud, the pretty songstress became insupportable ; and when George, in despite of her repeated warnings, did actually, one fine morning espouse Dinah Moore, causing her in her agitation to let fall an old-fashioned china wash-hand bason, the gift of a long-deceased god-mother, which, with the jug belonging to it, she valued more than any other of her earthly possessions ; no wonder that she made a vow never to speak to her

brother whilst she lived, or that more in resentment than in covetousness (for Martha Mearing was rather a harsh and violent, than an avaricious woman) she encouraged her father in his angry resolution of banishing the culprit from his house, and disinheriting him from his property.

Old Farmer Mearing was not, however, a wicked man, although in many respects a hard one. He did not turn his son out to starve : on the contrary, he settled him in the Pond Farm, with a decent though scanty plenishing, put twenty pounds in his pocket, and told him that he had nothing more to expect from him, and that he must make his own way in the world as he had done forty years before.

George's heart would have sunk under this renunciation, for he was of a kind but weak and indolent nature, and wholly accustomed to depend on his father, obey his orders, and rely on him for support ; but he was sustained by the bolder and firmer spirit of his wife, who, strong, active, lively and sanguine, finding herself for the first time in her life, her own mistress, in possession of a comfortable home, and married to the man of her heart, saw nothing, but sunshine before them. Dinah had risen in the world, and George had fallen ; and this circumstance, in addition to an original difference of temperament, may sufficiently account for their difference of feeling.

During the first year or two, Dinah's prognostics seemed likely to be verified. George ploughed and

sowed and reaped, and she made butter, reared poultry, and fattened pigs : and their industry prospered, and the world went well with the young couple. But a bad harvest, the death of their best cow, the lameness of their most serviceable horse, and more than all, perhaps, the birth of four little girls in four successive years, crippled them sadly, and brought poverty, and the fear of poverty to their happy fire-side.

Still, however, Dinah's spirits continued undiminished. Her children, although, to use her own phrase, "of the wrong sort, grew and flourished," as the children of poor people do grow and flourish, one hardly knows how ; and by the time that the long-wished-for boy made his appearance in the world, the elder girls had become almost as useful to their father as if they had been "of the right sort" themselves. Never were seen such hardy little elves ! They drove the plough, tended the kine, folded the sheep, fed the pigs, worked in the garden, made the hay, hoed the turnips, reaped the corn, hacked the beans, and drove the market-cart to B—— on occasion, and sold the butter, eggs, and poultry as well as their mother could have done.

Strong, active, and serviceable as boys, were the little lasses ; and pretty withal, though as brown as so many gipsies, and as untrained as wild colts. They had their mother's bright and sparkling countenance, and her gay and sunny temper, a heritage, more valuable than house or land, — a gift more

precious than ever was bestowed on a favored princess by beneficent fairy. But the mother's darling was one who bore no resemblance to her either in mind or person, her only son and youngest child Moses, so called after his grandfather, in a lurking hope, which was however disappointed, that the name might propitiate the offended and wealthy yeoman.

Little Moses was a fair, mild, quiet boy, who seemed at first sight far fitter to wear petticoats than any one of his madcap sisters; but there was an occasional expression in his deep grey eye that gave token of sense and spirit, and an unfailing steadiness and diligence about the child that promised to vindicate his mother's partiality. She was determined that Moses should be, to use the country phrase, "a good scholar;" the meaning of which is, by the way, not a little dissimilar from that which the same words bear at Oxford or at Cambridge. Poor Dinah was no "scholar" herself, as the parish register can testify, where her mark stands below George's signature in the record of her marriage; and the girls bade fair to emulate their mother's ignorance, Dinah having given to each of the four the half of a year's schooling, upon the principle of ride and tie, little Lucy going one day, and little Patty the next, and so on with the succeeding pair; in this way adroitly educating two children for the price of one, their mother in her secret soul holding it for girls, a waste of time. But when Moses came in question, the case was altered.

He was destined to enjoy the benefit of an entire education, and to imbibe unshared all the learning that the parish pedagogue could bestow. An admission to the Wokefield free-school ensured him this advantage, together with the right of wearing the long primitive blue cloth coat and leathern girdle, as well as the blue cap and yellow tassel by which the boys were distinguished ; and by the time he was eight years old, he had made such progress in the arts of writing and ciphering, that he was pronounced by the master to be the most promising pupil in the school.

At this period, misfortunes, greater than they had hitherto known, began to crowd around his family. Old Farmer Mearing died, leaving all his property to Martha ; and George, a broken hearted, toil-worn man, who had been only supported in his vain effort to make head against ill-fortune by the hope of his father's at last relenting, followed him to the grave in less than two months. Debt and difficulty beset the widow, and even her health and spirits began to fail. Her only resource seemed to be to leave her pleasant home, give up everything to the creditors, get her girls out to service, and try to maintain herself and Moses by washing or charring, or whatever work her failing strength would allow her to perform.

Martha, or as she was now called, Mrs. Martha, lived on in lonely, and apparently comfortless affluence at the Manor Farm. She had taken no notice of Dinah's humble supplications, sent injudiciously by

Patty, a girl whose dark and sparkling beauty exactly resembled what her mother had been before her unfortunate marriage ; but on Moses, so like his father, she had been seen to gaze wistfully and tenderly, when the little procession of charity boys passed her on their way to church ; though on finding herself observed, or perhaps, on detecting herself in such an indulgence, the softened eye was immediately withdrawn, and the stern spirit seemed to gather itself into a resolution only the stronger for its momentary weakness.

Mrs. Martha, now long past the middle of life, and a confirmed old maid, had imbibed a few of the habits and peculiarities which are supposed, and perhaps justly, to characterise that condition. Amongst other things she had a particular fancy for the water from the Elmin spring, and could not relish her temperate supper if washed down by any other beverage ; and she was accustomed to fetch it herself in the identical china jug, the present of her godmother, the bason belonging to which she had broken from the shock she underwent when hearing of George's wedding. It is even possible, so much are we the creatures of association, that the constant sight of this favorite piece of porcelain, which was really of very curious and beautiful Nankin china, might, by perpetually reminding her of her loss, and the occasion, serve to confirm her inveterate aversion to poor George and his family.

However this might be, it chanced that one summer

evening Mrs. Martha sallied forth to fetch the sparkling draught from the Elmin spring. She filled her jug as usual, but much rain had fallen, and the dame, no longer so active as she had been, slipped when about to re-ascend the bank with her burden, and found herself compelled either to throw herself forward and grasp the trunk of the nearest tree, to the imminent peril of her china jug, of which she was compelled to let go, or to slide back to the already tottering and slippery plank, at the risk, almost the certainty of plunging head foremost into the water. If Mrs. Martha had been asked, on level ground and out of danger, whether she preferred to be soused in her own person, or to break her china jug, she would, most undoubtedly, theoretically have chosen the ducking; but theory and practice are different matters, and following the instinct of self-preservation, she let the dear mug go, and clung to the tree.

As soon as she was perfectly safe she began to lament, in her usual vituperative strain, over her irreparable loss, scolding the tottering plank and the slippery bank, and finally, there being no one else to bear the blame, her own heedless haste, which had cost her the commodity she valued most in the world. Swinging herself round, however, still supported by the tree, she had the satisfaction to perceive that the dear jug was not yet either sunken or broken. It rested most precariously on a tuft of bulrushes towards the centre of the pool, in instant danger of both

these calamities, and, indeed, appeared to her to be visibly sinking under its own weight. What could she do? She could never reach it; and whilst she went to summon assistance, the precious porcelain would vanish. What could she do?

Just as she was asking herself this question, she had the satisfaction to hear footsteps in the lane. She called; and a small voice was heard singing, and the little man Moses, with his satchel at his back, made his appearance, returning from school. He had not heard her, and she would not call him — not even to preserve her china treasure. Moses, however, saw the dilemma, and pausing only to pull off his coat, plunged into the water, to rescue the sinking cup.

The summer had been wet, and the pool was unusually high, and Mrs. Martha, startled to perceive that he was almost immediately beyond his depth, called him earnestly and vehemently to return. The resolute boy, however, accustomed from infancy to dabble like the young water-fowl amidst the sedges and islets of the great pond, was not to be frightened by the puny waters of the Elmin spring. He reached, though at some peril, the tuft of bulrushes — brought the jug triumphantly to land — washed it — filled it at the fountain-head, and finally offered it, with his own sweet and gracious smile, to Mrs. Martha. And she — oh! what had she not suffered during the last few moments, whilst the poor orphan — her brother George's only boy, was risking his life to preserve for her a paltry bit of

earthen-ware ? What had she not felt during those few but long moments ? Her woman's heart melted within her ; and instead of seizing the precious porcelain, she caught the dripping boy in her arms — half smothered him with kisses, and vowed that her home should be his home, and her fortune his fortune. And she kept her word, — she provided amply and kindly for Dinah and her daughters ; but Moses is her heir, and he lives at the Manor Farm, and is married to the prettiest woman in the country ; and Mrs. Martha has betaken herself to the Pond-side, with a temper so much ameliorated, that the good farmer declares the greatest risk his children run is, of being spoilt by aunt Martha : — one in particular, her godson who has inherited the name and the favor of his father, and is her own especial little Moses.

PAGANINI.

ANONYMOUS.

IT was announced one morning, that Paganini would, that evening, give a concert at the Grand Opera, previous to his departure for London. This was an occasion not to be missed; and I stationed myself at the door of the theatre about two hours before the time for opening. The crowd was immense; and though I stood in a favorable place for getting in, the house seemed absolutely crowded before I entered — though a few minutes only had elapsed from the first opening of the doors. After a long overture played by the orchestra, the curtain was raised, and in a few moments this singular man came forward alone upon the stage. His appearance is very remarkable; his tall, thin and bending figure; his long hair combed back and descending upon his shoulders; the strange expression of his countenance, which has something in it almost supernatural, a mixture of good-nature and diabolical sneering; all become strongly impressed upon the mind, and serve to in-

crease the effect produced by his music. He advanced slowly to the front of the stage, with a very awkward, one-sided motion, and bowed to the audience, who received him with the warmest applause.

There he stood, for a minute or two, looking at the splendid scene before him, of an immense theatre filled to overflowing, and brilliantly lighted; then bowed again to the reiterated plaudits, in his excessively awkward manner; and after that, pulled out his cambric handkerchief, wiped his fingers, and raised his violin, as if about to commence. The profoundest silence immediately ensued: but something seemed to be wrong, and he took away his violin again, giving a most satanic grin at the disappointment of the audience. This only called forth more applause. He raised the violin again: the noise was instantly hushed to the deepest stillness, and the first note of his magic instrument was heard. It was unlike that of any other one, and could be clearly distinguished, even when the whole orchestra was playing. There was a richness in the tones, something like the reedy sound of a fine open diapason.

As the player proceeded, the attention of the audience became more and more fixed, as their wonder was excited and increased, by the successive powers which he displayed. The most rapid and inconceivable execution seemed to cost this wonderful man no trouble; but the notes appeared to glide from his bow without his volition. Occasionally he rose on the

scale far above the reach of ordinary instruments — and the tones came out clear, liquid, and sweet, like the warbling of a bird ; then he descended to the lowest notes, as if amusing himself with the compass of his instrument. Indeed, through the whole performance, he had the air of playing for his own amusement, rather than that of his audience. At the end of some of his most difficult passages, he gave his bow a flourish in the air, as if he was triumphing in his superior skill. The strange and almost infernal sounds he produced, which gently faded into the sweetest and most delicious, before the ear became shocked by them ; the wildness and abruptness of his transitions ; the prodigious power displayed in his execution, combined with the odd looks and disagreeable expression of the man ; and the consciousness that there was not, at the time, nor ever had been, any performer in the world to compare with him, gave an unusual effect to the exhibition, and inspired, universally, a sensation of almost superstitious awe ; as if the being, who thus riveted the attention and stole away the faculties of his hearers, were possessed of more than mortal powers — and, for my own part, I felt as if I were in the actual presence of the great enemy himself.

THE OLD CORPORAL.

BERANGER.

I.

With shoulder'd arms and charg'd fusil,
On, gallant comrades, on go you;
I've still my pipe and your good will,
Come, give me now my last adieu!
To grow so old I have done ill;
But you, who fame have yet to reap, —
I was your father in the drill, —
Soldiers, pace keep!
Nay, do not weep, —
No, do not weep!
March on — pace keep, —
Pace keep — pace keep — pace keep — pace keep!

II.

For a proud officer's affront,
I wound him — he is cured — they try,
Condemn me, as it is their wont,
And the Old Corporal must die.
By taunt and temper hurried on,
My sword *would* from its scabbard leap: —
But, then, I've served Napoleon!

Comrades, pace keep!
 Nay, do not weep—
 No, do not weep!
 March on, — pace keep, —
 Pace keep — pace keep — pace keep — pace keep!

III.

Soldier! an arm or leg you'll sell
 To win a cross, not often wore:
 Mine, in those wars, I fought for well,
 When we drove all the kings before.
 We drank — I told of battle plains —
 You paid, and deem'd the story cheap;
 The glory now alone remains!
 Comrades, pace keep!
 Nay, do not weep—
 No, do not weep—
 March on, pace keep, —
 Pace keep — pace keep — pace keep — pace keep!

IV.

Robert, — from my own village fair, —
 Return thee, child, and tend thy fold,
 Stay, view those shady gardens there,
 More April flowers our Cantons hold!
 Oft in our woods — with dew still wet —
 Unnesting birds, I'd run and leap.
 Good God! my mother liveth yet!
 Comrades, pace keep!
 Nay, do not weep—
 Oh, do not weep!
 March on — pace keep, —
 Pace keep — pace keep — pace keep — pace keep!

V.

Who yonder sobs and looks so hard?
 Ah! 'tis the drummer's widow poor;
 In Russia — in the rearward guard —
 All day and night her boy I bore,
 Else father, wife, and child, away
 Had stay'd beneath the snow to sleep;
 She's going for my soul to pray.
 Comrades, pace keep!
 Nay, do not weep —
 No, do not weep!
 March on — pace keep, —
 Pace keep — pace keep — pace keep — pace keep.

VI.

Zounds! but my pip's gone out apace;
 Hah, no! — not yet — come on, all's right.
 We're now within the allotted space;
 There! with no bandage hide my sight!
 My friends I would not tire with pain;
 Above all, do not draw too low;
 And may God lead you home again!
 There, comrades, go!
 Nay, do not weep —
 No, do not weep!
 March on — pace keep!
 Pace keep — pace keep — pace keep —

THE PHANTOM PORTRAIT.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

A STRANGER came recommended to a merchant's house at Lubeck. He was hospitably received, but, the house being full, he was lodged at night in an apartment handsomely furnished, but not often used. There was nothing that struck him particularly in the room when left alone, till he happened to cast his eyes on a picture, which immediately arrested his attention. It was a single head; but there was something so uncommon, so frightful and unearthly, in its expression, though by no means ugly, that he found himself irresistibly attracted to look at it. In fact, he could not tear himself from the fascination of this portrait, till his imagination was filled by it, and his rest broken. He retired to bed, dreamed, and awoke from time to time with the head glaring on him. In the morning, his host saw by his looks that he slept ill, and inquired the cause, which was told. The master of the house was much vexed, and said that the picture ought to have been removed, that it was an oversight, and that

it always was removed when the chamber was used. The picture, he said, was indeed terrible to every one ; but it was so fine, and had come into the family in so curious a way, that he could not make up his mind to part with it, or destroy it. The story of it was this : — “ My father,” said he, “ was at Hamburg on business, and, whilst dining at a coffee-house, he observed a young man of a remarkable appearance enter, seat himself alone in a corner, and commence a solitary meal. His countenance bespoke the extreme of mental distress, and every now and then he turned his head quickly round, as if he had heard something, then shudder, grow pale, and go on with his meal after an effort as before. My father saw this same man at the same place for two or three successive days, and at length became so much interested about him, that he spoke to him. The address was not repulsed, and the stranger seemed to find some comfort in the tone of sympathy and kindness which my father used. He was an Italian, well informed, poor but not destitute, and living economically upon the profits of his art as a painter. Their intimacy increased ; and at length the Italian, seeing my father’s involuntary emotion at his convulsive turnings and shudderings, which continued as formerly, interrupting their conversation from time to time, told him his story. He was a native of Rome, and had lived in some familiarity with, and been much patronized by a young nobleman ; but upon some slight occasion

they had fallen out, and his patron, besides using many reproachful expressions, had struck him. The painter brooded over the disgrace of the blow. He could not challenge the nobleman on account of his rank ; he therefore watched for an opportunity and assassinated him. Of course he fled from his country, and finally had reached Hamburgh. He had not, however, passed many weeks from the night of the murder, before, one day, in the crowded street, he heard his name called by a voice familiar to him : he turned short round, and saw the face of his victim looking at him with a fixed eye. From that moment he had no peace ; at all hours, in all places, and amidst all companies, however engaged he might be, he heard the voice, and could never help looking round ; and, whenever he so looked round, he always encountered the same face staring close upon him. At last, in a mood of desperation, he had fixed himself face to face, and eye to eye, and deliberately drawn the phantom visage as it glared upon him ; and this was the picture so drawn. The Italian said he had struggled long, but life was a burden which he could no longer bear ; and he was resolved, when he had made money enough to return to Rome, to surrender himself to justice, and expiate his crime on the scaffold. He gave the finished picture to my father, in return for the kindness which he had shown to him."

BROKEN TIES.

BY J. MONTGOMERY.

THE broken ties of happier days,
How often do they seem
To come before our mental gaze,
Like a remembered dream ;
Around us each dissevered chain
In sparkling ruin lies,
And earthly hand can ne'er again
Unite those broken ties.

The parents of our infant home,
The kindred that we loved,
Far from our arms, perchance, may roam,
To distant scenes removed ;
Or we have watched their parting breath,
And closed their weary eyes,
And sigh'd to think how sadly death
Can sever human ties.

The friends, the loved ones of our youth,
They, too, are gone or changed,
Or, worse than all, their love and truth
Are darkened and estranged.

They meet us in a glittering throng,
With cold, averted eyes,
And wonder that we weep our wrong,
And mourn our broken ties.

Oh ! who, in such a world as this,
Could bear their lot of pain,
Did not one radiant hope of bliss,
Unclouded, yet remain ?—
That hope the sovereign Lord has given,
Who reigns beyond the skies :
That hope unites our souls to Heaven,
By truth's enduring ties.

Each care, each ill of mortal birth,
Is sent in pitying love,
To lift the lingering heart from earth,
And speed its flight above ;
And every pang which rends the breast,
And every joy that dies,
Tells us to seek a heavenly rest,
And trust to holier ties.



Thou hast a hero's tomb! — A lowlier bed
Is hers, the gentle girl beside thee lying;
The gentle girl, that bowed her fair young head,
When thou wert gone, in silent sorrow dying.
Brother! true friend! the tender and the brave!
She pined to share thy grave.

Fame was thy gift from others — but for her,
To whom the wide earth held that only spot,
She loved thee! — lovely in your lives ye were,
And in your early deaths divided not!
Thou hast thine oak — thy trophy, — what hath she?
Her own blessed place by thee!

It was thy spirit, brother! which had made
The bright world glorious to her thoughtful eye,
Since first in childhood 'midst the vines ye played,
And sent glad singing through the free blue sky!
Ye were but two! — and when that spirit passed,
Woe for the one, — the last!

Woe, yet not long! — She lingered but to trace
Thine image from the image in her breast;
Once, once again to see that buried face
But smile upon her, ere she went to rest!
Too sad a smile! — its living light was o'er,
It answered hers no more!

The earth grew silent when thy voice departed,
The home too lonely whence thy step had fled;
What then was left for her, the faithful hearted?
Death, death, to still the yearning for the dead!
Softly she perished — be the flower deplored
Here, with the Lyre and Sword!

Have ye not met ere now? — So let those trust
That meet for moments but to part for years;
That weep, watch, pray, to hold back dust from dust,
That love where love is but a fount of tears!
Brother! sweet sister! — peace around ye dwell!
Lyre, Sword, and Flower, farewell!



A PAINT BRUSH SKETCH.

ANONYMOUS.

MANY people in this country have an idea that the private personal characters of celebrated authors are not easily to be got at ; but I assure all such that this is a very mistaken notion. The hospitably entertained visitor has only to take notes of what transpires in his presence, and any newspaper editor will be happy to print his remarks and retail his experiences. Much that is related will perhaps appear fabulous or overstated, but I am confident MY readers will take for truth what they read from *my* pen.

My family had but recently moved from London into the pleasant town of Bedford, and as yet had become known to very few of its inhabitants. One day my elderly maiden aunt, a somewhat noted character in our family circle, sent me into the interior of the town, some distance from our house, in pursuit of a tinker's shop, where I was to leave a small brass kettle for repairs. Not knowing the way, I made bold to ask one of a group of boys whom I found playing at what was

called in those days, "the game of cat." The lad, on hearing my question, said he would show me his father's shop, "the old man," as he observed, "being in that line of business himself." The youth was a tall, ungainly lad, but had, nevertheless, a curious twinkle about the left eye which attracted my attention. As we passed along a straggling row of shops, he stopped before a low wooden building, and pointed to the sign, now faded and swinging in the breeze. I looked up and read this inscription thereon :

Bunyan ye Town Tinker.

An old weather-beaten individual stood in the doorway, who immediately accosted my guide in a loud, angry tone, upbraiding him for his long absence.

"Where hast thou been swaggering, varlet?" cried the old man.

"Call him not 'varlet' who drinketh his dad's health in a stoup of good liquor every week at the cock-fight," replied the boy, tartly.

The exasperated father made as if he would strike the stripling, who, eluding his grasp, nimbly raised his right thumb to the extreme end of his nose, twirled his fingers mysteriously in the air, and ran down the street laughing. I mention this scene to show how ungodly the boyhood of John Bunyan commenced, and how great the change which occurred in his after life. One of his school-fellows told me, a few days after this circumstance, that it was not an uncommon thing to

see him playing at hockey on Sundays behind the vestry. Thrown among vile companions, he was early initiated into profaneness and all sorts of boyish vices. Wherever there was a bell-ringing or dancing, this reckless boisterer was sure to be found, and my parents soon forbade my keeping company with so wicked a ring-leader. I do not mention this from any feeling of disrespect towards the Bunyan family, nor for the purpose of ridiculing the son ; but being a townsman, and knowing all their private transactions, I feel more willing to make them known this side of the Atlantic.

If I remember rightly, I saw no more of John, (my father soon moving back to London) till many years after, when one day, happening to dine with my friend Richard Baxter, at the house of our mutual friend, George Herbert, we were joined, rather late in the evening, by a gentleman of very striking appearance. He was tall of stature, strong-boned, though not corpulent, somewhat of a ruddy face, wearing his reddish hair on his upper lip after the old British fashion, his nose was well set, but not declining or bending, and his mouth moderately large. I felt at once that a remarkable man had entered the room, and when my friend Baxter introduced the author of "Pilgrim's Progress," I knew him in a moment. He sat down immediately, bolt upright, at the table and ate very freely from a dish of well-cured bacon, and the usual accompaniment of eggs. While he was appeasing his hunger I had a good opportunity to notice his

dress and manners. He wore a brown stuff coat, laced up in the neck, and trimmed with two rows of coarse leather buttons. Small particles of snuff were just visible on his soiled neck-cloth, and from his frequent use of small bits of *something black*, I should say he partook rather freely of tobacco. However, on this point, I will not be too positive, as I sat on the opposite side of the table, and, as I said before, it was growing late in the evening. After dining as I thought comfortably, not to say bountifully, he conversed with me exclusively (Mr. Baxter and Mr. Herbert having laid down after their meal as usual) for more than an hour. He invited me to visit him at his own house, and shortly after, happening to be in his neighborhood, I complied with his request. I found him in his back room, having just returned from a ramble with his wife. Mrs. Elizabeth Bunyan was one of the most remarkable looking women I ever saw. Energy, mingled with suavity, was most strikingly depicted in her countenance. On inquiry I learned she was the eldest daughter of a respectable retired butcher, himself a very remarkable man. I think I never saw a more attached couple than Mr. and Mrs. B. They received me very cordially, and after a glass of gooseberry wine we entered freely into conversation. There was nothing of restraint in the manner of the Bunyans toward me, and I soon made myself quite at home with this worthy couple.

In the course of some remarks with Mr. B. touching

his P. P., I remember I observed I should like above all things to see the original manuscript of his great work. He instantly rose, and taking from an old pair of bellows a roll of paper, begged my acceptance of the autograph sheets of the Pilgrim's Progress! Of course I was very much surprised at this unexpected mark of his favor, and stammered out my thanks. It is needless for me to add, here, that I still possess this valued relic, and that no money would induce me to part with it. Mr. John Gilford, the parish minister, coming in soon after, the conversation became general. Mr. G. appeared to be a very well informed person, and spoke of having taken tea with Mr. John Milton a few days before. I managed to get an invitation to meet this last named personage, particulars of which interview I may be induced to give hereafter. Mr. Guilford spoke in no very gentle terms of Chief Justice Hale, whom I thought he went quite out of his way to castigate. I shall always look back on this day, however, as one of the most interesting of my life.

I had the pleasure, shortly after this memorable occasion, to meet Mr. Oliver Cromwell at a large gathering in London, when he asked my acceptance of a presentation copy of "Fox's Book of the Martyrs," a work then just issued. Mr. Bunyan being present, took the volume a few minutes in his lap, and wrote on the fly-leaf a copy of verses addressed to myself, which I may at some future period allow to be

printed. I have also a great many letters of absorbing interest, from this celebrated man, he continuing to correspond with me till the day of his death. His grand-daughter, Hannah, was married very soon after to a cousin of my father's, and from her descendants I have amassed a collection of original papers, in John's hand-writing, of great value. They also may one day see the light.

I forgot to mention a great curiosity which I saw hanging up in Mr. Bunyan's best room. This was no less than a small dark frame enclosing the original contract with Caxton for printing Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, and receipts for *Ten Marks*, the sum paid for its copy-right. Near by these rare documents hung another frame entirely empty. I asked Mr. B. the intention of this, and he replied, if my memory serves me, as follows: "In my early life, sir, I once saw a Hundred Pound Note, and became possessed with a strong desire to obtain one. I have not yet been so lucky, but the moment such a treasure comes within my reach I intend to place it in that frame." Having a spurious one in my pocket, I immediately thrust it into his hand, embraced Mrs. Bunyan before Mr. B. had time to express his thanks, and rushed out of the house.

THINGS TO COME.

BY GEORGE CROLY.

THERE are murmurs on the deep,
There are thunders on the heaven ;
Though the ocean billows sleep,
Though no cloud the sign has given ;
Earth that sudden storm shall feel,
'T is a storm of man and steel.

Tribes are in their forests now,
Idly hunting ounce and deer ;
Tribes are crouching in their snow
O'er their wild and wintry cheer,
Doomed to swell that tempest's roar,
Where the torrent-rain is gore.

War of old has swept the world,
Guilt has shaken strength and pride ;
But the thunders, feebly hurled,
Quivered o'er the spot, and died ;
When the vengeance next shall fall,
Wo to each, and wo to all.

Man hath shed Man's blood for toys,
Love and hatred, fame and gold ;

Now, a mightier wrath destroys ;
 Earth in cureless crime grows old ;
 Past destruction shall be tame
 To the rushing of that flame.

When the clouds of Vengeance break,
 Folly shall be on the wise,
 Frenzy shall be on the weak,
 Nation against nation rise,
 And the worse than Pagan sword
 In Religion's breast be gored.

Then the Martyr's solemn cry,
 That a thousand years has rung,
 Where their robes of crimson lie
 Round the "Golden Altar" flung,
 Shall be heard, — and from the "throne,"
 The trumpet of the "Judgment" blown.

"Wo to Earth, the mighty wo!"
 Yet shall Earth her conscience lull,
 Till above the brim shall flow
 The draught of gall—The cup is full.
 Yet a moment! — Comes the ire, —
 Famine, bloodshed, flood, and fire.

First shall fall a Mighty one!
 Ancient crime had crowned his brow,
 Dark Ambition raised his throne —
 Truth his victim and his foe.
 Earth shall joy in all her fear
 O'er the great Idolater.

Then shall rush abroad the blaze
Sweeping Heathen zone by zone;
Afric's tribe the spear shall raise,
Shivering India's pagod throne:
China hear her Idol's knell
In the Russian cannon-peal.

On the Turk shall fall the blow
From the Grecian's daggered hand!
Blood like winter-showers shall flow,
Till he treads the Syrian land!
Then shall final vengeance shine,
And all be sealed in Palestine!

Oh ! earth hath many a gallant show
Of towering peak and glacier height,
But ne'er beneath the glorious moon,
Hath nature framed a lovelier sight,
Than thy fair tide with diamonds fraught,
When every drop with light is caught,
And o'er the bridge, the village girls
Reflect below their waving curls,
While merrily thy waters play
In welcome music, far away !

BIRTHPLACE OF SHAKSPEARE.

ANONYMOUS.

FROM Warwick Castle, an hour's ride brought me to Stratford-on-Avon. From the "white Lion" Inn I walked down the street to where a rude sign-board over the door of a very old two-story building, bore this inscription: "*In this house the immortal Shakspeare was born.*" I entered, and was at once conducted to the chamber in which, it is said, the poet first drew breath. Its walls are completely covered with the names of pilgrims from all parts of the world, attesting thus the universality of his fame. Amid hundreds of unknown names, the autographs of Walter Scott and Washington Irving were pointed out to me. Around the room were disposed numerous relics, more or less authentic, such as likenesses of the poet, articles made of wood of the famous mulberry tree, &c. I looked at these, walked back and forth in the apartment, and strove to make it real to myself, that in that room Shakspeare was born; but (shall I confess it?) I was sensible of no inspiring impulse

whatever. In truth, I was altogether in a most matter of fact state of mind. So capricious is feeling! Here, where one might think to be deeply moved, as if admitted to commune with the spirit of the immortal bard, I looked about me with the coolest self-possession, intensely conscious all the while of the presence of an elderly and very unpoetical matron, waiting quietly for the customary fee. Not to be wholly wanting to the occasion, however, with her consent, I severed with my penknife a splinter from the massive oaken mantel tree, apparently coeval with the house, which I preserve as a relic. After all, what real connection has that sombre locality with Shakspeare, such as he was in the full maturity of his wonder working genius? Its walls may have echoed his childish cries — may have borne testimony to what he was when an infant in his nurse's arms; but these are not the recollections that throng upon the mind in connection with the sweet bard of Avon, unless, indeed, we can contemplate even his childhood's hours, through that poetical medicine which Gray has so beautifully conjured up in his Progress of Poetry.

“Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stayed,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face; the dauntless child
Stretched forth his little arms and smiled.
This pencil take (she said) whose colors clear

Richly paint the vernal year ;
 Thine, too, these golden keyes, immortal boy !
 This can unlock the gates of joy ;
 Of honor that, and thrilling fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

Yet, even here, it is not pent up within gloomy walls, but gracefully reclined on the green banks of Avon, in the midst of the sweet scenery of nature, that we view the infant minstrel ; the illusion would fade were the scene transferred to a close chamber in a buisny street. This must be my apology to the sentimental for the phlegm and apathy with which I surveyed the room in which, if tradition may be credited, the great poet was born.

Certainly a very different feeling took possession of my bosom when, a few minutes after, I found myself within the chancel of the parish church, bending over the flat stone that marks his grave. As I read the well-known lines inscribed on it—

Goed frend for Jesus sake forbear
 To digg the dust enclosed heare
 Blest be the man that spares thes stones
 And curst be he that moves my bones—

it seemed almost as if his voice was speaking to me from the grave. Solemn and strange were my feelings, when I thought that it was indeed the dust of Shakspeare that reposed beneath my feet. The lines above cited are considered his own ; and no sacrile-

gious hand has dared to violate a grave doubly guarded by so touching an appeal and so awful a malediction. Here, then, beyond all doubt, I was standing on the very spot where more than two hundred years ago, the kindred townsmen of Shakspeare had gathered to consign to their last resting-place his mortal remains. There to sleep in death, whose genius, as if instinctively familiar with whatever lies within the natural range of the intellectual vision, or can touch the hidden springs of emotion in the heart, has embalmed the experience of universal humanity in diction, that wherever the English language shall open its treasures to men of cultivated minds, can never cease to be "familiar in their mouths as household words." What nobler ambition — what loftier prerogative of genius could there be, than thus to touch a responsive chord in millions of human bosoms — thus to leave an enduring memorial, an ineffaceable impress of itself in the hearts of men, by enshrining in language that can never die, the sentiments and emotions that agitate our common nature? That one whose human existence was but a shadow, whose mortal remains a little space of consecrated ground encloses, should so perpetuate on earth his intellectual being, so live again, as it were, in distant ages and in remotest climes, by the vital energy of his genius, inspiring myriad minds with its own breathing thoughts, and thrilling them with its own burning emotions — is, indeed, (if we except transcendent *moral* excellence) the proudest

triumph that Heaven permits over the ordinary conditions of humanity. One thing was wanting to Shakspeare — we feel it most when we stand at his grave — it was that his surpassing genius should have been subservient to the loftiest aims of virtue — that his harp's soul-subduing strains should have always been in unison with the deep-toned and awful morality which sometimes breathes in them, so that on that imperishable record, which he has left to successive ages, there might have remained

"No line which, dying, he could wish to blot."

But let it not be forgotten, that while Shakspeare's sublime morality is characteristic of himself, his offensive grossness is but the reflection, in the mirror which he held up to nature, of the licentiousness of his times.

A niche in the wall near the grave of the poet, contains his bust, probably the most correct likeness of him that now exists. The expression of the countenance is rather good-humored and cheerful, than deeply intellectual. The graves of his wife and favorite daughter — the former, that Ann Hathaway, whom his verses have rendered famous — are near his own.

Within the chancel, and quite near the grave of Shakspeare, are several monuments of the Combe family, with whom he lived on terms of intimacy.

My attention was particularly arrested by one of these, erected in memory of a young lady, who died shortly before the day fixed for her marriage. In a niche in the wall, close to Shakspeare's monument, the busts of her lover and herself, in white marble, are placed side by side, her hand clasped in his, as if at the bridal hour, and her face turned towards him, with a sweet and sorrowful expression, which her story renders peculiarly touching. The inscription is literally as follows :

"Here lyeth the body of Judith Combe, (daughter of William Combe, of Old Stratford, in the county of Warwick, Esq.,) who was to have bin married unto Richard Combe, of Hemstead, in ye county of Hartford, Esq., had not death prevented it, by deyryvinge of her life, to ye extreme grieffe and sorrow of both their friends ; but more especially of ye said Richard Combe, who, in testimony of his unfained love, hath erected this monument for perpetuating her pious memory. She took her last leave of this life, the 17th day of August, 1649, in ye armes of him, who most intirely loved and was beloved of her, even to ye very death."

One can hardly stand at the grave of Shakspeare without being strangely moved at thought of the power which that creative genius has exercised over his own mind. Lear, Macbeth, Hamlet, Othello, Desdemona. What beings have lived, more real to us than these ? Whose history has so agitated us ? Whose dark and stormy passions have so thrilled our souls ? Whose heart-breaking sorrows have more

become by sympathy their own? Yet, there, beneath that flat stone, repose the ashes of the bard who has called all those beings into life — whose magic wand has roused up from their graves the mighty ones of the earth, and caused them to pass before us in gorgeous procession — who has opened to us a new world in which imagination delights to revel, peopling it with creations of his own, and giving “to airy nothing a local habitation and a name.” Inasmuch as time has spared no monumental relic of the “blind old man from Scio’s rocky isle,” no well-authenticated shrine of the Mantuan bard, the grave of Shakspeare stands without a rival in its power to connect the sweet realms of fancy with the actual world; and thither shall pilgrims congregate, from all lands, in all coming time.

“Thou soft-flowing Avon, by thy silver stream,
Of things more than mortal, sweet Shakspeare would
dream;
The fairies by moonlight dance round his green bed,
For hallowed the turf is which pillowed his head.

Flow on, silver Avon! in song ever flow,
Be the swans on thy borders still whiter than snow,
Ever full be thy stream, like his fame may it spread,
And the turf ever hallowed which pillowed his head.”

The church, which encloses the grave of Shakspeare, is an imposing edifice in the Roman Gothic style of architecture, and of most venerable antiquity,

a part of the structure being between four and five hundred years old. It stands on the green bank of the Avon, at a little distance from the town, in the midst of a spacious cemetery, and embosomed in majestic elms. An avenue of lime trees, whose branches intertwine so as to form a complete bower of over-arching foliage, extends from the gate of the cemetery to the principal entrance to the church. In a still summer's day no sounds disturb the sacred solitude, save the low murmur of the river, which flows within a few yards of the poets' grave. That it was not a matter of indifference, where his ashes should repose, is sufficiently evinced by the inscription with which he sought, not ineffectually, to protect the slumbers of the tomb from profane intrusion. When it was once in contemplation to remove his remains, to Westminster Abbey, the awful lines upon the stone availed to retain them, where alone they can appropriately rest, in the midst of those scenes which, dear to him while living, are now imperishably associated with his memory — where the gentle murmur of the river as it flows, and the sighing of the wind among the majestic elms that droop their branches to the stream, seem to soothe his last slumbers.

TIME'S SWIFTNESS.

BY R. W. SPENCER.

Too late I staid ;—forgive the crime,—
Unheeded flew the hours ;
How noiseless falls the foot of Time
That only treads on flowers !

What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbings of the glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks,
Which dazzle as they pass ?

Oh ! who to sober measurement
Time's happy fleetness brings,
When Birds of Paradise have lent
Their plumage for his wings !

FREEDOM.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Love thou thy land, with love far-brought
From out the storied Past, and used
Within the Present, but transfused
Thro' future time by power of thought.

True love turn'd round on fixed poles,
Love, that endures not sordid ends,
For English natures, freemen, friends,
Thy brothers and immortal souls.

But pamper not a hasty time,
Nor feed with crude imaginings
The herd, wild hearts and feeble wings,
That every sophister can lime.

Deliver not the task of might
To weakness, neither hide the ray
From those, not blind, who wait for day,
Though sitting girt with doubtful light.

Make Knowledge circle with the winds ;
But let her herald, Reverence, fly
Before her to whatever sky
Bear seed of men or growth of minds.

Watch what main-currents draw the years :
Cut Prejudice against the grain :
But gentle words are always gain :
Regard the weakness of thy peers ;

Nor toil for title, place, or touch
Of pension, neither count on praise :
It grows to guerdon after-days :
Nor deal in watch-words overmuch ;

Not clinging to some ancient saw ;
Not master'd by some modern term ;
Not swift nor slow to change, but firm :
And in its season bring the law ;

That from Discussion's lips may fall
With Life, that, working strongly, binds —
Set in all lights by many minds,
To close the interests of all.

For Nature also, cold and warm,
And moist and dry, devising long,
Thro' many agents making strong,
Matures the individual form.

Meet is it changes should control
Our being, lest we rust in ease.
We all are changed by still degrees,
All but the basis of the soul.

So let the change which comes be free
To ingroove itself with that, which flies,
And work a joint of state, that plies
Its office, moved with sympathy.

A saying, hard to shape in act;
For all the past of Time reveals
A bridal dawn of thunder-peals,
Wherever Thought hath wedded Fact.

Ev'n now we hear with inward strife
A motion toiling in the gloom —
The Spirit of the years to come
Yearning to mix himself with Life.

A slow-developed strength awaits
Completion in a painful school;
Phantoms of other forms of rule,
New Majesties of mighty States —

The warders of the growing hour,
But vague in vapor, hard to mark;
And round them sea and air are dark
With great contrivances of Power.

Of many changes aptly join'd,
Is bodied forth the second whole.
Regard gradation, lest the soul
Of Discord race the rising wind;

A wind to puff your idol-fires,
And heap their ashes on the head;
To shame the boasting words, we said,
That we are wiser than our sires.

Oh yet, if Nature's evil star
Drive men in manhood, as in youth,
To follow flying steps of Truth
Across the brazen bridge of war —

If New and Old, disastrous feud,
Must ever shock, like armed foes,
And this be true till Time shall close,
That Principles are rain'd in blood ;

Not yet the wise of heart would cease
To hold his hope thro' shame and guilt,
But with his hand against the hilt,
Would pace the troubled land like Peace ;

Not less, though dogs of Faction bay,
Would serve his kind in deed and word,
Certain if knowledge bring the sword,
That knowledge takes the sword away —

Would love the gleam of good that broke
From either side, nor veil his eyes :
And if some dreadful need should rise,
Would strike, and firmly, and one stroke :

To-morrow yet would reap to-day,
As we bear blossom of the dead.
Earn well the thrifty months, nor wed
Raw Haste, half-sister to Delay.

TALE OF EXPIATION.

BY PROF. WILSON.

MARGARET BURNSIDE was an orphan. Her parents, who had been the poorest people in the parish, had died when she was a mere child ; and as they had left no near relatives, there were few or none to care much about the desolate creature, who might be well said to have been left friendless in the world. True that the feeling of charity is seldom wholly wanting in any heart ; but it is generally but a cold feeling among hard-working folk, towards objects out of the narrow circle of their own family affections, and selfishness has a ready and strong excuse in necessity. There seems, indeed, to be a sort of chance in the lot of the orphan offspring of paupers. On some the eye of Christian benevolence falls at the very first moment of their uttermost destitution — and their worst sorrows, instead of beginning, terminate with the tears shed over their parents' graves. They are taken by the hands, as soon as their hands have been stretched out for protection, and admitted as inmates into house-

holds, whose doors, had their fathers and mothers been alive, they would never have darkened. The light of comfort falls upon them during the gloom of grief, and attends them all their days. Others, again, are overlooked at the first fall of affliction, as if by some unaccountable fatality; the wretchedness with which all have become familiar, no one very tenderly pities; and thus the orphan, reconciling herself to the extreme hardships of her condition, lives on uncheered by those sympathies out of which grow both happiness and virtue, and yielding by degrees to the constant pressure of her lot, becomes poor in spirit as in estate, and either vegetates like an almost worthless weed that is carelessly trodden on by every foot, or if by nature born a flower, in time loses her lustre, and all her days leads the life not so much of a servant as of a slave.

Such, till she was twelve years old, had been the fate of Margaret Burnside. Of a slender form and weak constitution, she had never been able for much work; and thus from one discontented and harsh master and mistress to another, she had been transferred from house to house — always the poorest — till she came to be looked on as an encumbrance rather than a help in any family, and thought hardly worth her bread. Sad and sickly she sat on the braes, herding the kine. It was supposed that she was in a consumption — and as the shadow of death seemed to lie on the neglected creature's face, a feeling some-

thing like love was awakened towards her in the heart of pity, for which she showed her gratitude by still attending to all household tasks with an alacrity beyond her strength. Few doubted that she was dying — and it was plain that she thought so herself; for the Bible, which, in her friendlessness, she had always read more than other children who were too happy to reflect often on the Word of that Being from whom their happiness flowed, was now, when leisure permitted, seldom or never out of her hands; and in lonely places, where there was no human ear to hearken, did the dying girl often support her heart, when quaking in natural fears of the grave, by singing to herself hymns and psalms. But her hour was not yet come — though by the inscrutable decrees of Providence doomed to be hideous with almost inexpiable guilt. As for herself — she was innocent as the linnet that sang beside her in the broom, and innocent was she to be up to the last throbbings of her religious heart. When the sunbeams fell upon the leaves of her Bible, the orphan seemed to see in the holy words, brightening through the radiance, assurances of forgiveness of all her sins — small sins indeed — yet to her humble and contrite heart exceeding great — and to be pardoned only by the intercession of Him who died for us on the tree. Often, when clouds were in the sky, and blackness covered the Book, hope died away from the discolored page — and the lonely creature wept and sobbed over the

doom denounced on all who sin and repent not—whether in deed or in thought. And thus religion became within her an awful thing—till, in her resignation, she feared to die. But look on that flower by the hill-side path, withered, as it seems, beyond the power of sun and air and dew and rain to restore it to life. Next day, you happen to return to the place, its leaves are of a dazzling green, its blossoms of a dazzling crimson. So it was with this orphan. Nature, as if kindling towards her in sudden love, not only restored her in a few weeks to life—but to perfect health; and ere long she, whom few had looked at, and for whom still fewer cared, was acknowledged to be the fairest girl in all the parish—while she continued to sit, as she had always done from her very childhood, on the *poor's form* in the lobby of the kirk. Such a face, such a figure, and such a manner, in one so poorly attired and so meanly placed, attracted the eyes of the young ladies in the Patron's Gallery. Margaret Burnside was taken under their especial protection—sent for two years to a superior school, where she was taught all things useful for persons in humble life—and while yet scarcely fifteen, returning to her native parish, was appointed teacher of a small school of her own, to which were sent all the girls who could be spared from home, from those of parents poor as her own had been, up to those of the farmers and small proprietors, who knew the blessings of a good education—and that without it the min-

ister may preach in vain. And thus Margaret Burnside grew and blossomed like the lily of the field — and every eye blessed her — and she drew her breath in gratitude, piety, and peace.

Thus a few happy and useful years passed by — and it was forgotten by all — but herself — that Margaret Burnside was an orphan. But to be without one near and dear blood-relative in all the world, must often, even to the happy heart of youthful innocence, be more than a pensive — a painful thought; and therefore, though Margaret Burnside was always cheerful among her little scholars, yet in the retirement of her own room, (a pretty parlor, with a window looking into a flower-garden,) and on her walks among the braes, her mien was somewhat melancholy, and her eyes wore that touching expression, which seems doubtfully to denote — neither joy nor sadness — but a habit of soul which, in its tranquility, still partakes of the mournful, as if memory dwelt often on past sorrows, and hope scarcely ventured to indulge in dreams of future repose. That profound orphan-feeling embued her whole character; and sometimes, when the young ladies from the castle smiled praises upon her, she retired in gratitude to her chamber — and wept.

Among the friends at whose houses she visited, were the family at Moorside, the highest hill-farm in the parish, and on which her father had been a hind. It consisted of the master, a man whose head was gray,

his son and daughter, and a grandchild, her scholar, whose parents were dead. Gilbert Adamson had long been a widower — indeed his wife had never been in the parish, but had died abroad. He had been a soldier in his youth and prime of manhood ; and when he came to settle at Moorside, he had been looked at with no very friendly eyes ; for evil rumors of his character had preceded his arrival there — and in that peaceful pastoral parish, far removed from the world's strife, suspicions, without any good reason perhaps, had attached themselves to the morality and religion of a man, who had seen much foreign service, and had passed the best years of his life in the wars. It was long before these suspicions faded away, and with some they still existed in an invincible feeling of dislike or even aversion. But the natural fierceness and ferocity which, as these peaceful dwellers among the hills imagined, had at first, in spite of his efforts to control them, often dangerously exhibited themselves in fiery outbreaks, advancing age had gradually subdued ; Gilbert Adamson had grown a hard-working and industrious man ; affected, if he followed it not in sincerity, even an austere religious life ; and as he possessed more than common sagacity and intelligence, he had acquired at last, if not won, a certain ascendancy in the parish, even over many whose hearts never opened nor warmed towards him — so that he was now an elder of the kirk — and, as the most unwilling were obliged to acknowledge, a just steward to

the poor. His gray hairs were not honored, but it would not be too much to say that they were respected. Many who had doubted him before, came to think they had done him injustice, and sought to wipe away their fault by regarding him with esteem, and showing themselves willing to interchange neighborly kindnesses and services with all the family at Moorside. His son, though somewhat wild and unsteady, and too much addicted to the fascinating pastimes of flood and field, often so ruinous to the sons of labor, and rarely long pursued against the law without vitiating the whole character, was a favorite with all the parish. Singularly handsome, and with manners above his birth, Ludovic was welcome wherever he went, both with young and old. No merry-making could deserve the name without him ; and at all meetings for the display of feats of strength and agility, far and wide, through more counties than one, he was the champion. Nor had he received a mean education. All that the parish schoolmaster could teach he knew ; and having been the darling companion of all the gentlemen's sons in the Manse, the faculties of his mind had kept pace with theirs, and from them he had caught unconsciously that demeanor so far superior to what could have been expected from one in his humble condition, but which, at the same time, seemed so congenial with his happy nature as to be readily acknowledged to be one of its original gifts. Of his sister, Alice, it is sufficient to say, that she was the

bosom friend of Margaret Burnside, and that all who saw their friendship felt that it was just. The small, parentless grand-daughter was also dear to Margaret — more than perhaps her heart knew, because that, like herself, she was an orphan. But the creature was also a merry and a madcap child, and her freakish pranks, and playful perversenesses, as she tossed her head in untameable glee, and went dancing and singing, like a bird on the boughs of a tree, all day long, by some strange sympathies entirely won the heart of her who, throughout all her own childhood, had been familiar with grief, and a lonely shedder of tears. And thus did Margaret love her, it might be said, even with a very mother's love. She generally passed her free Saturday afternoons at Moorside, and often slept there all night with little Ann in her bosom. At such times Ludovic was never from home, and many a Sabbath he walked with her to the kirk — all the family together — and *once* by themselves for miles along the moor — a forenoon of perfect sunshine, which returned upon him in his agony on his dying day.

No one said, no one thought that Ludovic and Margaret were lovers — nor were they, though well worthy indeed of each other's love ; for the orphan's whole heart was filled and satisfied with a sense of duty, and all its affections were centered in her school, where all eyes blessed her, and where she had been placed for the good of all, those gladsome crea-

tures, by them who had rescued her from the penury that kills the soul, and whose gracious bounty she remembered even in her sleep. In her prayers she beseeched God to bless them rather than the wretch on her knees — their images, their names, were ever before her eyes and on her ear; and next to that peace of mind which passeth all understanding, and comes from the footstool of God into the humble, lowly, and contrite heart, was to that orphan, day and night, waking or sleeping, the bliss of her gratitude. And thus Ludovic to her was a brother, and no more; a name sacred as that of sister, by which she always called her Alice, and was so called in return. But to Ludovic, who had a soul of fire, Margaret was dearer far than ever sister was to the brother whom, at the sacrifice of her own life, she might have rescued from death. Go where he might, a phantom was at his side — a pale fair face forever fixed its melancholly eyes on his, as if foreboding something dismal even when they faintly smiled; and once he awoke at midnight, when all the house were asleep, crying with shrieks, “Oh, God of mercy! Margaret is murdered!” Mysterious passion of love! that darkens its own dreams of delight with unimaginable horrors! Shall we call such dire bewilderment the superstition of troubled fantasy, or the inspiration of the prophetic soul!

From what seemingly insignificant sources — and by means of what humble instruments — may this

life's best happiness be diffused over the households of industrious men! Here was the orphan daughter of forgotten paupers, both dead ere she could speak; herself, during all her melancholy childhood, a pauper even more enslaved than ever they had been — one of the most neglected and unvalued of all God's creatures — who, had she then died, would have been buried in some nettled nook of the kirkyard, nor her grave been watered almost by one single tear — suddenly brought out from the cold and cruel shade in which she had been withering away, by the interposition of human but angelic hands, into the heaven's most gracious sunshine, where all at once her beauty blossomed like the rose. She, who for so many years had been even begrudgingly fed on the poorest and scantiest fare, by Penury ungrateful for all her weak but zealous efforts to please by doing her best, in sickness and sorrow, at all her tasks, in or out of doors, and in all weathers, however rough and severe — was now raised to the rank of a moral, intellectual and religious being, and presided over, tended and instructed many little ones, far, far happier in their childhood than it had been her lot to be, and all growing up beneath her now untroubled eyes, in innocence, love and joy inspired into their hearts by her, their young and happy benefactress. Not a human dwelling in all the parish, that had not reason to be thankful to Margaret Burnsides. She taught them to be pleasant in their manners, neat in their

persons, rational in their minds, pure in their hearts, and industrious in all their habits. Rudeness, coarseness, sullenness, all angry fits, and all idle dispositions — the besetting vices and sins of the children of the poor, whose home-education is often so miserably, and almost necessarily neglected — did this sweet teacher, by the divine influence of meekness never ruffled, and tenderness never troubled, in a few months subdue and overcome — till her school-room, every day in the week, was in its cheerfulness, sacred as a Sabbath, and murmured from morn till eve with the hum of perpetual happiness. The effects were soon felt in every house. All floors were tidier, and order and regularity enlivened every hearth. It was the pride of her scholars to get their own little gardens behind their parents' huts, to bloom like that of the brae — and, in imitation of that flowry porch, to train up the pretty creepers on the wall. In the kirk-yard, a smiling group every Sabbath forenoon waited for her at the gate — and walked, with her at their head, into the house of God — a beautiful procession to all their parents' eyes — one by one dropping away into their own seats, as the band moved along the little lobby, and the minister sitting in the pulpit all the while, looked solemnly down upon the fair flock — the shepherd of their souls !

It was Sabbath, but Margaret Burnside was not in the kirk. The congregation had risen to join in prayer, when the great door was thrown open, and a

woman apparelled as for the house of worship, but wild and ghastly in her face and eyes, as a maniac hunted by evil spirits, burst in upon the service, and, with uplifted hands, beseeched the man of God to forgive her irreverent entrance, for that the foulest and most unnatural murder had been done, and that her own eyes had seen the corpse of Margaret Burnside lying on the moor in a pool of blood! The congregation gave one groan, and then an outcry as if the roof of the kirk had been toppling over their heads. All cheeks waxed white, women fainted, and the firmest heart quaked with terror and pity, as once and again the affrighted witness, in the same words, described the horrid spectacle, and then rushed out into the open air, followed by hundreds, who for some minutes had been palsy-stricken; and now the kirkyard was all in a tumult round the body of her who lay in a swoon. In the midst of that dreadful ferment, there were voices crying aloud that the poor woman was mad, and that such horror could not be beneath the sun; for such a perpetration on the Sabbath-day, and first heard of just as the prayers of his people were about to ascend to the Father of all mercies, shocked belief, and doubt struggled with despair as in the helpless shudderings of some dream of blood. The crowd were at last prevailed on by their pastor to disperse, and sit down on the tombstones, and water being sprinkled over the face of her who still lay in that mortal swoon, and the air suffered to cir-

culate freely round her, she again opened her glassy eyes, and raising herself on her elbow, stared on the multitude, all gathered there so wan and silent, and shrieked out, "The Day of Judgment! The Day of Judgment!"

The aged minister raised her on her feet, and led her to a grave, on which she sat down, and hid her face on his knees. "O that I should have lived to see the day — but dreadful are the decrees of the Most High — and she whom we all loved has been cruelly murdered! Carry me with you, people, and I will show you where lies her corpse."

"Where — where is Ludovic Adamson?" cried a hoarse voice which none there had ever heard before; and all eyes were turned in one direction; but none knew who had spoken, and all again was hush. Then all at once a hundred voices repeated the same words, "Where — where is Ludovic Adamson?" and there was no reply. Then, indeed, was the kirk-yard in an angry and a wrathful ferment, and men looked far into each other's eyes for confirmation of their suspicions. And there was whispering about things, that, though in themselves light as air, seemed now charged with hideous import; and then arose sacred appeals to heaven's eternal justice, horribly mingled with oaths and curses; and all the crowd, springing to their feet, pronounced, "that no other but he could be the murderer."

It was remembered now, that for months past

Margaret Burnside had often looked melancholy — that her visits had been less frequent to Moorside ; and one person in the crowd said, that a few weeks ago she had come upon them suddenly in a retired place, when Margaret was weeping bitterly, and Ludovic tossing his arms, seemingly in wrath and distraction. All agreed that of late he had led a disturbed and reckless life — and that something dark and suspicious had hung about him, wherever he went, as if he were haunted by an evil conscience. But did not strange men sometimes pass through the Moor — squalid mendicants, robber-like, from the far-off city — one by one, yet seemingly belonging to the same gang — with bludgeons in their hands — half-naked, and often drunken in their hunger, as at the doors of lonesome houses they demanded alms ; or more like foot-pads than beggars, with stern gestures, rising up from the ditches on the way-side, stopped the frightened women and children going upon errands, and thanklessly received pence from the poor ? One of them must have been the murderer ! But, then, again the whole tide of suspicion would set in upon Ludovic — her lover ; for the darker and more dreadful the guilt, the more welcome is it to the fears of the imagination when its waking dreams are floating in blood.

A tall figure came forward from the porch, and all was silence when the congregation beheld the father of the suspected criminal. He stood still as a tree in

a calm day — trunk, limbs, moved not — and his gray head was uncovered. He then stretched out his arm, not in an imploring, but in a commanding attitude, and essayed to speak; but his white lips quivered, and his tongue refused its office. At last, almost fiercely, he uttered, “Who dares denounce my son?” and like the growling thunder, the crowd cried, “All — all — he is the murderer!” Some said that the old man smiled; but it could have been but a convulsion of the features — outraged nature’s wrung-out and writhing expression of disdain, to show how a father’s love brooks the cruelty of foolish falsehood and injustice.

Men, women, and children — all whom grief and horror had not made helpless — moved away towards the Moor — the woman who had seen the sight leading the way; for now her whole strength had returned to her, and she was drawn and driven by an irresistible passion to look again at what had almost destroyed her judgment. Now they were miles from the kirk, and over some brushwood, at the edge of the morass, some distance from the common footpath, crows were seen diving and careering in the air, and a raven flapping suddenly out of the covert, sailed away with a savage croak along a range of cliffs. The whole multitude stood stock-still at that carrion sound. The guide said shudderingly, in a low hurried voice, “See, see — that is her mantle” — and there indeed Margaret lay, all in a heap, maimed,

mangled, murdered, with a hundred gashes. The corpse seemed as if it had been baked in frost, and was embedded in coagulated blood. Shreds and patches of her dress, torn away from her bosom, bestrewed the bushes—for many yards round about, there had been the trampling of feet, and a long lock of hair that had been torn from her temples, with the dews yet unmelted on it, was lying upon a plant of broom, a little way from the corpse. The first one to lift the body from the horrid bed was Gilbert Adamson. He had been long familiar with death in all its ghastliness, and all had now looked to him—forgetting for the moment that he was the father of the murderer—to perform the task from which they recoiled in horror. Resting on one knee, he placed the corpse on the other—and who could have believed, that even the most violent and cruel death could have wrought such a change on a face once so beautiful! All was distortion—and terrible it was to see the dim glazed eyes, fixedly open, and the orbs insensible to the strong sun that smote her face white as snow among the streaks as if left by bloody fingers! Her throat was all discolored—and a silk handkerchief twisted into a cord, that had manifestly been used in the murder, was of a redder hue than when it had veiled her breast. No one knows what horror his eyes are able to look on, till they are tried. A circle of stupefied gazers was drawn by a horrid fascination closer and closer round the corpse—and women stood there

holding children by the hands, and fainted not, but observed the sight, and shuddered without shrieking, and stood there all dumb as ghosts. But the body was now borne along by many hands — at first none knew in what direction, till many voices muttered, “To Moorside — to Moorside” — and in an hour it was laid on a bed in which Margaret Burnside had so often slept with her beloved little Ann in her bosom.

The hand of some one had thrown a cloth over the corpse. The room was filled with people — but all their power and capacity of horror had been exhausted — and the silence was now almost like that which attends a natural death, when all the neighbors are assembled for the funeral. Alice, with little Ann beside her, kneeled at the bed, nor feared to lean her head close to the covered corpse — sobbing out syllables that showed how passionately she prayed — and that she and her little neice — and, oh! for that unhappy father — were delivering themselves up into the hands of God. The father knelt not — neither did he sit down — nor move — nor groan — but stood at the foot of the bed, with arms folded almost sternly — and with eyes fixed on the sheet, in which there seemed to be neither ruth nor dread — but only an austere composure, which were it indeed but resignation to that dismal decree of Providence, had been most sublime — but who can see into the heart of a man, either righteous or wicked, and know what may

be passing there, breathed from the gates of heaven or of hell!

Soon as the body had been found, shepherds and herdsmen, fleet of foot as the deer, had set off to scour the country far and wide, hill and glen, mountain and morass, moor and wood, for the murderer. If he be on the face of the earth, and not self-plunged in despairing suicide into some quagmire, he will be found — for all the population of many districts are now afoot, and precipices are climbed till now brushed but by the falcons. A figure like that of a man, is seen by some of the hunters from a hill-top, lying among the stones by the side of a solitary loch. They separate, and descend upon him, and then gathering in, they behold the man whom they seek — Ludovic Adamson, the murderer.

His face is pale and haggard — yet flushed as if by a fever centered in his heart. That is no dress for the Sabbath-day — soiled and savage-looking — and giving to the eyes that search an assurance of guilt. He starts to his feet, as they think, like some wild beast surprised in his lair, and gathering itself up to fight or fly. But — strange enormity — a Bible is in his hand! — And the shepherd who first seized him, taking the book out of his grasp, looks into the page and reads, “Whoever sheddeth man’s blood, by man shall his blood be surely shed.” On a leaf is written, in her own well-known hand, “The gift of Margaret Burnside!” Not a word is said by his captors —

they offer no needless violence — no indignities — but answer all inquiries of surprise and astonishment (Oh ! can one so young be so hardened in wickedness !) by a stern silence, and upbraiding eyes, that like daggers must stab his heart. At last he walks doggedly and sullenly along, and refuses to speak — yet his tread is firm — there is no want of composure in his face — now that the first passion of fear or anger has left it ; and now that they have the murderer in their clutch, some begin almost to pity him, and others to believe, or at least to hope, that he may be innocent. As yet they have said not a word of the crime of which they accuse him ; but let him try to master the expression of his voice and eyes as he may, guilt is in those stealthy glances — guilt is in those reckless tones. And why does he seek to hide his right hand in his bosom ? And whatever he may affect to say — they ask him not — most certainly that stain on his shirt-collar is blood. But now they are at Moorside.

There is still a great crowd all round about the house — in the garden — and at the door — and a troubled cry announces that the criminal has been taken, and is close at hand. His father meets him at the gate ; and, kneeling down, holds up his clasped hands, and says, “ My son if thou art guilty, confess, and die.” The criminal angrily waves his father aside, and walks towards the door. “ Fools ! fools ! what mean ye by this ? What crime has been com-

mitted? And how dare ye to think me the criminal? Am I like a murderer?" — "We never spoke to him of the murder — we never spoke to him of the murder!" cried one of the men who now held him by the arm; and all assembled then exclaimed, "Guilty, guilty — that one word will hang him! Oh, pity, pity, for his father and poor sister — this will break their hearts!" Appalled, yet firm of foot, the prisoner forced his way into the house, and turning, in his confusion, into the chamber on the left, there he beheld the corpse of the murdered, on the bed — for the sheet had been removed — as yet not laid out, and disfigured and deformed just as she had been found on the moor, in the same misshapen heap of death! One long insane glare — one shriek, as if all his heart-strings at once had burst — and then down fell the strong man on the floor like lead. One trial was past which no human hardihood could endure — another, and yet another awaits him; but them he will bear as the guilty brave have often borne them, and the most searching eye shall not see him quail at the bar or on the scaffold.

They lifted the stricken wretch from the floor, placed him in a chair, and held him upright, till he should revive from the fit. And he soon did revive; for health flowed in all his veins, and he had the strength of a giant. But when his senses returned, there was none to pity him; for the shock had given an expression of guilty horror to all his looks, and,

like a man walking in his sleep, under the temptation of some dreadful dream, he moved with fixed eyes towards the bed, gobbled in hideous laughter, and then wept and tore his hair like a distracted woman or child. Then he stooped down as if he would kiss the face, but staggered back, and, covering his eyes with his hands, uttered such a groan as is sometimes heard rending the sinner's breast when the avenging furies are upon him in his dreams. All who heard it felt that he was guilty; and there was a fierce cry through the room of "Make him touch the body, and if he be the murderer, it will bleed!" — "Fear not, Ludovic, to touch it, my boy," said his father; "bleed afresh it will not, for thou art innocent: and savage though now they be who once were proud to be thy friends, even they will believe thee guiltless when the corpse refuses to bear witness against thee, and not a drop leaves its quiet heart!" But his son spake not a word, nor did he seem to know that his father had spoken; but he suffered himself to be led passively towards the bed. One of the bystanders took his hand and placed it on the naked breast, when out of the corners of the teeth-clenched mouth, and out of the swollen nostrils, two or three blood-drops visibly oozed; and a sort of shrieking shout declared the sacred faith of all in the crowd in the dreadful ordeal. "What body is this? 'tis all over blood!" said the prisoner, looking with an idiot vacancy on the faces that surrounded him. But now

the sheriff of the county entered the room, along with some officers of justice, and he was spared any further shocks from that old saving superstition. His wrists soon after were manacled. These were all the words he had uttered since he recovered from the fit ; and he seemed now in state of stupor.

Ludovic Adamson, after examination of witnesses, who crowded against him from many unexpected quarters, was committed that very Sabbath night to prison on a charge of murder. On the Tuesday following, the remains of Margaret Burnside were interred. All the parish were at the funeral. In Scotland it is not customary for females to join in the last simple ceremonies of death. But in this case they did ; and all her scholars, in the same white dresses in which they used to walk with her at their head into the kirk on Sabbaths, followed the bier. Alice and little Ann were there, nearest the coffin, and the father of him who had wrought all this wo was one of its supporters. The head of the murdered girl rested, it might be said, on his shoulder — but none can know the strength which God gives to his servants — and all present felt for him as he walked steadily under that dismal burden, a pity, and even an affection, which they had been unable to yield to him ere he had been so sorely tried. The ladies from the Castle were among the other mourners, and stood by the open grave. A sunnier day had never shone from heaven, and that very grave itself partook of the

brightness, as the coffin—with the gilt letters, “Margaret Burnside, Aged 18”—was let down, and in the darkness below disappeared. No flowers were sprinkled there—nor afterwards planted on the turf—vain offerings of unavailing sorrow! But in that nook—beside the bodies of her poor parents—she was left for the grass to grow over her, as over the other humble dead; and nothing but the very simplest headstone was placed there, with a sentence from Scripture below the name. There was less weeping, less sobbing than at many other funerals; for as sure as Mercy ruled the skies, all believed that she was there—all knew it, just as if the gates of heaven had opened and showed her a white-robed spirit at the right hand of the throne. And why should any rueful lamentation have been wailed over the senseless dust? But on the way home, over the hills, and in the hush of evening beside their hearth, and in the stillness of night on their beds—all—young and old—all did nothing but weep!

For weeks—such was the pity, grief and awe inspired by this portentous crime and lamentable calamity, that all the domestic on-goings in all the houses far and wide, were melancholy and mournful, as if the country had been fearing a visitation of the plague. Sin, it was felt, had brought not only sorrow on the parish, but shame that ages would not wipe away; and strangers, as they travelled through the moor, would point the place where the foulest murder

had been committed in all the annals of crime. As for the family at Moorside, the daughter had their boundless compassion, though no eye had seen her since the funeral ; but people, in speaking of the father, would still shake their heads, and put their fingers to their lips, and say to one another, in whispers, that Gilbert Adamson had once been a bold, bad man — that his religion, in spite of all his repulsive austerity, wore not the aspect of truth — and that had he held a stricter and a stronger hand on the errors of his misguided son, this foul deed had not been perpetrated, nor that wretched sinner's soul given to perdition. Yet others had gentler and humaner thoughts. They remembered him walking along God-supported beneath the bier — and at the mouth of the grave — and feared to look on that head — formerly grizzled, but now quite gray — when on the very first Sabbath after the murder he took his place in the elder's seat, and was able to stand up, along with the rest of the congregation, when the minister prayed for peace to his soul, and hoped for the deliverance out of jeopardy of him now lying in bonds. A low Amen went all round the kirk at these words ; for the most hopeless called to mind that maxim of law, equity and justice — that every man under accusation of crime should be held innocent till he is proved to be guilty. Nay, a human tribunal might condemn him, and yet might he stand acquitted before the tribunal of God.

There were various accounts of the behavior of the

prisoner. Some said that he was desperately hardened — others, sunk in sullen apathy and indifference — and one or two persons belonging to the parish, who had seen him, declared that he seemed to care not for himself, but to be plunged in profound melancholy for the fate of Margaret Burnside, whose name he involuntarily mentioned, and then bowed his head on his kness and wept. His guilt he neither admitted at that interview, nor denied ; but he confessed that some circumstances bore hard against him, and that he was prepared for the event of his trial — condemnation and death. “ But if you are not guilty, Ludovic, *who can be the murderer?* Not the slightest shade of suspicion has fallen on any other person — and did not, alas ! the body bleed when ”—— The unhappy wretch sprang up from the bed, it was said, at these words, and hurried like a madman back and forward along the stone floor of his cell. “ Yea — yea ! ” at last he cried, “ the mouth and nostrils of my Margaret did indeed bleed when they pressed down my hand on her cold bosom. It is God’s truth ! ” “ God’s truth ? ” — “ Yes — God’s truth. I saw first one drop, and then another, trickle towards me — and I prayed to our Saviour to wipe them off before other eyes might behold the dreadful witnesses against me ; but at that hour Heaven was most unmerciful — for those two small drops — as all of you saw — soon became a very stream — and all her face, neck and breast — you saw it as well as I miserable

— were at last drenched in blood. Then I may have confessed that I was guilty — did I, or did I not, confess it? Tell me — for I remember nothing distinctly : — but if I did — the judgment of offended Heaven, then punishing me for my sins, had made me worse than mad — and so had all your abhorrent eyes ; and, men, if I did confess, it was the cruelty of God that drove me to it — and your cruelty — which was great ; for no pity had any one for me that day, though Margaret Burnside lay before me a murdered corpse — and a hoarse whisper came to my ear urging me to confess — I well believe from no human lips, but from the Father of Lies, who, at that hour, was suffered to leave the pit to ensnare my soul.” Such was said to have been the main sense of what he uttered in the presence of two or three, who had formerly been among his most intimate friends, and who knew not, on leaving his cell and coming into the open air, whether to think him innocent or guilty. As long as they thought they saw his eyes regarding them, and that they heard his voice speaking, they believed him innocent ; but when the expression of the tone of his voice, and of the look of his eyes — which they had felt belonged to innocence — died away from their memory — then arose against him the strong, strange, circumstantial evidence, which, wisely or unwisely — lawyers and judges have said *cannot lie* — and then, in their hearts, one and all of them pronounced him guilty.

But had not his father often visited the prisoner's cell? Once — and once only; for in obedience to his son's passionate prayer, beseeching him — if there were any mercy left either on earth or in heaven — never more to enter that dungeon, the miserable parent had not again entered the prison; but he had been seen one morning at dawn, by one who knew his person, walking round and round the walls, staring up at the black building in distraction, especially at one small grated window in the north tower — and it is most probable that he had been pacing his rounds there during all the night. Nobody could conjecture, however dimly, what was the meaning of his banishment from his son's cell. Gilbert Adamson, so stern to others, even to his own only daughter, had been always but too indulgent to his Ludovic — and had that lost wretch's guilt, so exceeding great, changed his heart into stone, and made the sight of his old father's gray hairs hateful to his eyes? But then the jailer, who had heard him imploring — beseeching — commanding his father to remain till after the trial at Moorside, said, that all the while the prisoner sobbed and wept like a child; and that when he unlocked the door of the cell, to let the old man out, it was a hard thing to tear away the arms and hands of Ludovic from his knees, while the father sat like a stone image on the bed, and kept his tearless eyes fixed sternly upon the wall, as if not a soul had been present, and he himself had been a criminal condemned next day to die.

The father had obeyed, *religiously*, that miserable injunction, and from religion it seemed he had found comfort. For Sabbath after Sabbath he was at the kirk — he stood as he had been wont to do for years, at the poor's plate, and return grave salutations to those who dropped their mite into the small sacred treasury — his eyes calmly, and even critically, regarded the pastor during the prayer and sermon — and his deep bass voice was heard, as usual, through all the house of God in the Psalms. On week-days, he was seen by passers-by to drive his flocks afield, and to overlook his sheep on the hill-pastures, or in the pen-fold ; and as it was still spring, and seed-time had been late this season, he was observed holding the plough, as of yore ; nor had his skill deserted him — for the furrows were as straight as if drawn by a rule on paper — and soon bright and beautiful was the braird on all the low lands of his farm. The Comforter was with him, and, sorely as he had been tried, his heart was not yet wholly broken ; and it was believed that for years, he might outlive the blow that at first had seemed more than a mortal man might bear and be ! Yet that his wo, though hidden, was dismal, all ere long knew, from certain tokens that intrenched his face — cheeks shrunk and fallen — brow not so much furrowed as scarred, eyes quenched, hair thinner and thinner far, as if he himself had torn it away in handfuls during the solitude of midnight — and now absolutely as white as snow ; and over the

whole man an indescribable ancientness far beyond his years — though they were many, and most of them had been passed in torrid climes — all showed how grief has its agonies as destructive as those of guilt, and those the most wasting when they work in the heart and in the brain, unrelieved by the shedding of one single tear — when the very soul turns dry as dust, and life is imprisoned, rather than mingled, in the decaying — the mouldering body !

The Day of Trial came, and all labor was suspended in the parish, as if it had been a mourning fast. Hundreds of people from this remote district poured into the circuit-town, and besieged the court-house. Horsemen were in readiness, soon as the verdict should be returned, to carry the intelligence — of life or death — to all those glens. A few words will suffice to tell the trial, the nature of the evidence, and its issue. The prisoner, who stood at the bar in black, appeared — though miserably changed from a man of great muscular power and activity, a magnificent man, into a tall thin shadow — perfectly unappalled ; but in a face so white, and wasted, and wo-begone, the most profound physiognomist could read not one faintest symptom either of hope or fear, trembling or trust, guilt or innocence. He hardly seemed to belong to this world, and stood fearfully and ghastly conspicuous between the officers of justice, above all the crowd that devoured him with their eyes, all leaning towards the bar to catch the first sound of his voice,

when to the indictment he should plead "Not Guilty." These words he did utter, in a hollow voice altogether passionless, and then was suffered to sit down, which he did in a manner destitute of all emotion. During all the many long hours of his trial, he never moved head, limbs, or body except once, when he drank some water, which he had not asked for, but which was given to him by a friend. The evidence was entirely circumstantial, and consisted of a few damning facts, and of many of the very slightest sort, which, taken singly, seemed to mean nothing, but which, when considered all together, seemed to mean something against him — how much, or how little, there were among the agitated audience many differing opinions. But slight as they were, either singly or together, they told fearfully against the prisoner, when connected with the fatal few which no ingenuity could ever explain away — and though ingenuity did all it could do, when wielded by eloquence of the highest order — and as the prisoner's counsel sat down, there went a rustle and a buzz through the court, and a communication of looks and whispers, that seemed to denote that there were hopes of his acquittal — yet, if such hopes there were, they were deadened by the recollection of the calm, clear, logical address to the jury by the counsel for the crown, and destroyed by the judge's charge, which amounted almost to demonstration of guilt, and concluded with a confession due to his oath and conscience, that he saw

not how the jury could do their duty to their Creator and their fellow-creatures, but by returning *one* verdict. They retired to consider it; and, during a death-like silence, all eyes were bent on a death-like image.

It had appeared in evidence, that the murder had been committed, at least all the gashes inflicted — for there were also finger-marks of strangulation — with a bill-hook, such as foresters use in lopping trees; and several witnesses swore that the bill-hook which was shown them, stained with blood, and with hair sticking on the haft — belonged to Ludovic Adamson. It was also given in evidence — though some doubts rested on the nature of the precise words — that on that day, in the room with the corpse, he had given a wild and incoherent denial to the question then put to him in the din, “What he had done with the bill-hook.” Nobody had seen it in his possession since the spring before; but it had been found, after several weeks’ search, in a hag in the moss, in the direction that he would have most probably taken — had he been the murderer — when flying from the spot to the loch where he was seized. The shoes which he had on when taken, fitted the foot-marks on the ground, not far from the place of the murder, but not so perfectly as another pair which were found in the house. But that other pair, it was proved, belonged to the old man; and therefore the correspondence between the foot-marks and the prisoner’s shoes, though not per-

fect, was a circumstance of much suspicion. But a far stronger fact, in this part of the evidence, was sworn to against the prisoner. Though there was no blood on his shoes — when apprehended his legs were bare — though that circumstance, strange as it may seem, had never been noticed till he was on the way to prison ! His stockings had been next day found lying on the sward, near the shore of the loch, manifestly after having been washed and laid out to dry in the sun. At mention of this circumstance a cold shudder ran through the court ; but neither that, nor indeed any other circumstance in the evidence — not even the account of the appearance which the murdered body exhibited when found on the moor, or when afterwards laid on the bed — extorted from the prisoner one groan — one sigh — or touched the imperturbable deathliness of his countenance. It was proved, that when searched — in prison, and not before ; for the agitation that reigned over all assembled in the room at Moorside that dreadful day, had confounded even those accustomed to deal with suspected criminals — there were found in his pocket a small French gold watch, and also a gold brooch, which the ladies of the Castle had given to Margaret Burnside. On these being taken from him, he had said nothing, but looked aghast. A piece of torn and bloody paper, which had been picked up near the body, was sworn to be in his handwriting ; and though the meaning of the words — yet legible — was obscure, they seemed

to express a request that Margaret would meet him on the moor on that Saturday afternoon she was murdered. The words "Saturday" — "meet me" — "last time," — were not indistinct, and the paper was of the same quality and color with some found in a drawer in his bed-room at Moorside. It was proved that he had been drinking with some dissolute persons — poachers and the like — in a neighboring parish all Saturday, till well on in the afternoon, when he left them in a state of intoxication — and was then seen running along the hill side in the direction of the moor. Where he passed the night between the Saturday and the Sabbath, he could give no account, except once when unasked, and as if speaking to himself he was overheard by the jailer to mutter, "Oh! that fatal night — that fatal night!" And then, when suddenly interrogated, "Where were you?" he answered, "Asleep on the hill;" and immediately relapsed into a state of mental abstraction. These were the chief circumstances against him, which his counsel had striven to explain away. That most eloquent person dwelt with affecting earnestness on the wickedness of putting any evil construction on the distracted behavior of the wretched man when brought without warning upon the sudden sight of the mangled corpse of the beautiful girl, whom all allowed he had most passionately and tenderly loved; and he strove to prove — as he did prove to the conviction of many — that such behavior

was incompatible with such guilt, and almost of itself established his innocence. All that was sworn to *against* him, as having passed in that dreadful room, was in truth *for* him — unless all our knowledge of the best and of the worst of human nature were not, as folly, to be given to the winds. He beseeched the jury, therefore, to look at all the other circumstances that did indeed seem to bear hard upon the prisoner, in the light of his innocence, and not of his guilt, and that they would all fade into nothing. What mattered his possession of the watch and other trinkets? Lovers as they were, might not the unhappy girl have given them to him for temporary keepsakes? Or might he not have taken them from her in some playful mood, or received them — (and the brooch was cracked, and the mainspring of the watch broken, though the glass was whole) — to get them repaired in the town which he often visited, and she never? Could human credulity for one moment believe that such a man as the prisoner at the bar had been sworn to be by a host of witnesses — and especially by that witness, who, with such overwhelming solemnity, had declared he loved him as his own son, and would have been proud if Heaven had given him such a son — he who had baptized him, and known him well ever since a child — that such a man could *rob* the body of her whom he had violated and murdered? If, under the instigation of the devil, he had violated and murdered her, and for a moment were made the hideous

supposition, did vast hell hold that demon whose voice would have tempted the violator and murderer — suppose him both — yea, that man at the bar — sworn to by all the parish, if need were, as a man of tenderest charities, and generosity unbounded — in the lust of lucre, consequent on the satiating of another lust — to rob his victim of a few trinkets ! Let loose the wildest imagination into the realms of wildest wickedness, and yet they dared not, as they feared God, to credit for a moment the union of such appalling and such paltry guilt, *in that man* who now trembled not before them, but who seemed cut off from all the sensibilities of this life, by the scythe of Misery that had shorn him down ! But why try to recount, however feebly, the line of defence taken by the speaker, who on that day seemed all but inspired. The sea may overturn rocks, or fire consume them till they split in pieces ; but a crisis there sometimes is in man's destiny, which all the powers ever lodged in the lips of man, were they touched with a coal from heaven, cannot avert, and when even he who strives to save, feels and knows that he is striving all in vain — ay, vain, as a worm — to arrest the tread of Fate about to trample down its victim into the dust. All hoped — many almost believed — that the prisoner would be acquitted — that a verdict of “ Not Proven,” at least, if not of “ Not Guilty,” would be returned ; but *they* had not been sworn to do justice before man and before God — and, if need were, to seal up even the fountains of mercy

in their hearts — flowing, and easily set a-flowing, by such a spectacle as that bar presented — a man already seeming to belong unto the dead !

In about a quarter of an hour the jury returned to the box — and the verdict having been sealed with black wax, was handed up to the Judge, who read, “ We unanimously find the prisoner Guilty.” He then stood up to receive the sentence of death. Not a dry eye was in the court during the Judge’s solemn and affecting address to the criminal — except those of the shadow on whom had been pronounced the doom. “ Your body will be hung in chains on the moor — on a gibbet erected on the spot where you murdered the victim of your unhallowed lust, and there will your bones bleach in the sun, and rattle in the wind, after the insects and the birds of the air have devoured your flesh ; and in all future times, the spot on which, God-forsaking and God-forsaken, you perpetrated that double crime, at which all humanity shudders, will be looked on from afar by the traveller passing through that lonesome wild with a sacred horror ! ” Here the voice of the Judge faltered, and he covered his face with his hands ; but the prisoner stood unmoved in figure, and in face untroubled — and when all was closed, was removed from the bar, the same ghostlike and unearthly phantom, seemingly unconscious of what had passed, or even of his own existence.

Surely now he will suffer his old father to visit him

in his cell! "Once more only—only once more let me see him before I die!" were his words to the clergyman of the parish, whose Manse he had so often visited when a young and happy boy. That servant of Christ had not forsaken him whom now all the world had forsaken. As free from sin himself as might be mortal and fallen man—mortal because fallen—he knew from Scripture and from nature, that in "the lowest deep there is still a lower deep" in wickedness, into which all of woman born may fall, unless held back by the arm of the Almighty Being, whom they must serve steadfastly in holiness and truth. He knew, too, from the same source, that man cannot sin beyond the reach of God's mercy—if the worst of all imaginable sinners seek, in a Bible-breathed spirit at last, that mercy through the Atonement of the Redeemer. Daily—and nightly—he visited that cell; nor did he fear to touch the hand—now wasted to the bone—which at the temptation of the Prince of the Air, who is mysteriously suffered to enter in at the gates of every human heart that is guarded not by the flaming sword of God's own seraphim—was lately drenched in the blood of the most innocent creature that ever looked on the day. Yet a sore trial it was to his Christianity to find the criminal so obdurate. He would make no confession. Yet said that it was fit—that it was far best that he should die—that he deserved death! But ever when the deed without a name was alluded to,

his tongue was tied ; and once in the midst of an impassioned prayer, beseeching him to listen to conscience and confess—he that prayed shuddered to behold him frown, and to hear bursting out in terrible energy, “ Cease—cease to torment me, or you will drive me to deny my God ! ”

No father came to visit him in his cell. On the day of trial he had been missing from Moorside, and was seen next morning—(where he had been all night never was known—though it was afterwards rumored that one like him had been seen sitting, as the gloaming darkened, on the very spot of the murder)—wandering about the hills, hither and thither, and round and round about, like a man stricken with blindness, and vainly seeking to find his home. When brought into the house, his senses were gone, and he had lost the power of speech. All he could do was to mutter some disjointed syllables, which he did continually, without one moment’s cessation, one unintelligible and most rueful moan ! The figure of his daughter seemed to cast no image on his eyes—blind and dumb he sat where he had been placed, perpetually wringing his hands, with his shaggy eyebrows drawn high up his forehead, and the fixed orbs—though stone blind at least to all real things—beneath them flashing fire. He had borne up bravely—almost to the last—but had some tongue syllabled his son’s doom in the solitude, and at that instant had insanity smitten him !

Such utter prostration of intellect had been expected by none ; for the old man, up to the very night before the trial, had expressed the most confident trust of his son's acquittal. Nothing had ever served to shake his conviction of his innocence — though he had always forborne speaking about the circumstances of the murder — and had communicated to nobody any of the grounds on which he more than hoped in a case so hopeless ; and though a trouble in his eyes often gave the lie to his lips, when he used to say to the silent neighbors, “ We shall soon see him back at Moorside.” Had his belief in Ludovic's innocence, and his trust in God that that innocence would be established and set free, been so sacred, that the blow when it did come, struck him like a hammer, and felled him to the ground, from which he had risen with a riven brain ? In whatever way the shock had been given, it had been terrible ; for old Gilbert Adamson was now a confirmed lunatic, and keepers were in Moorside — not keepers from a mad-house — for his daughter could not afford such tendence — but two of her brother's friends, who sat up with him alternately, night and day, while the arms of the old man, in his distraction, had to be bound with cords. That dreadful moaning was at an end now ; but the echoes of the hills responded to his yells and shrieks ; and people were afraid to go near the house. It was proposed among the neighbors to take Alice and little Ann out of it ; and an asylum for them was

in the Manse ; but Alice would not stir at all their entreaties ; and as, in such a case, it would have been too shocking to tear her away by violence, she was suffered to remain with him who knew her not, but who often — it was said — stared distractedly upon her, as if she had been some fiend sent in upon his insanity from the place of punishment. Weeks passed on, and still she was there — hiding herself at times from those terrifying eyes ; and from her watching corner, waiting from morn till night, and from night till morn — for she seldom lay down to sleep, and had never undressed herself since that fatal sentence — for some moment of exhausted horror, when she might steal out, and carry some slight gleam of comfort, however evanescent, to the glimmer or the gloom in which the brain of her Father swam through a dream of blood. But there were no lucid intervals ; and ever as she moved towards him, like a pitying angel, did he furiously rage against her, as if she had been a fiend. At last, she who, though yet so young, had lived to see the murdered corpse of her dearest friend — murdered by her own only brother, whom, in secret, that murdered maiden had most tenderly loved — that murderous brother loaded with prison-chains, and condemned to the gibbet for inexpiable and unpardonable crimes — her father raving like a demon, self-murderous, were his hands but free, nor visited by one glimpse of mercy from Him who rules the skies — after having borne more than, as she meekly said, had ever poor girl

borne, she took to her bed quite heart-broken, and, the night before the day of execution, died. As for poor little Ann, she had been wiled away some weeks before; and in the blessed thoughtlessness of childhood, was not without hours of happiness among her playmates on the braes.

The Morning of that Day arose, and the Moor was all blackened with people round the tall gibbet, that seemed to have grown, with its horrid arms, out of the ground during the night. No sound of axes or hammers had been heard clinking during the dark hours — nothing had been seen passing along the road; for the windows of all the houses from which any thing could have been seen, had been shut fast against all horrid sights — and the horses' hoofs and the wheels must have been muffled that had brought that hideous Framework to the Moor. But there it now stood — a dreadful Tree! The sun moved higher and higher up the sky, and all the eyes of that congregation were at once turned towards the east, for a dull sound, as rumbling wheels and trampling feet, seemed shaking the Moor in that direction; and lo! surrounded with armed men on horseback, and environed with halberds, came on a cart, in which three persons seemed to be sitting, he in the middle all dressed in white — the death-clothes of the murderer — the unpitying shedder of most innocent blood.

There was no bell to toll there — but at the very moment he was ascending the scaffold, a black cloud

knelled thunder, and many hundreds of people all at once fell down upon their knees. The man in white lifted up his eyes, and said, "O Lord God of Heaven! and Thou his blessed Son, who died to save sinners! accept this sacrifice!"

Not one in all that immense crowd could have known that that white apparition was Ludovic Adamson. His hair, that had been almost jet-black, was now white as his face — as his figure, dressed, as it seemed, for the grave. Are they going to execute the murderer in his shroud? Stone-blind, and stone-deaf, there he stood — yet had he, without help, walked up the steps of the scaffold. A hymn of several voices arose — the man of God close beside the criminal, with the Bible in his uplifted hands; but those bloodless lips had no motion — with him this world was not, though yet he was in life — in life, and no more! And was this the man who, a few months ago, flinging the fear of death from him, as a flash of sunshine flings aside the shades, had descended into that pit which an hour before had been bellowing, as the foul vapors exploded like cannons, and brought up the bodies of them who had perished in the womb of the earth? Was this he who once leaped into the devouring fire, and reappeared, after all had given over for lost the glorious boy, with an infant in his arms, while the flames seemed to eddy back, that they might scathe not the head of the deliverer, and a shower of blessings fell upon him as he laid it in its mother's bosom, and made the heart

of the widow to sing for joy ? It is he. And now the executioner pulls down the cord from the beam, and fastens it round the criminal's neck. His face is already covered, and that fatal handkerchief is in his hand. The whole crowd are now kneeling, and one multitudinous sob convulses the air ; — when wild outcries, and shrieks, and yells, are at that moment heard from the distant gloom of the glen that opens up to Moorside, and three figures, one far in advance of the others, come flying, as on the wings of the wind, to the gibbet. Hundreds started to their feet, and “ ’Tis the maniac — ’tis the lunatic ! ” was the cry. Precipitating himself down a rocky hill-side, that seemed hardly accessible but to the goats, the maniac, the lunatic, at a few desperate leaps and bounds, just as it was expected he would have been dashed in pieces, alighted unstunned upon the level greensward ; and now, far ahead of his keepers, with incredible swiftness neared the scaffold — and the dense crowd making a lane for him in their fear and astonishment, he flew up the ladder to the horrid platform, and grasping his son in his arms, howled dreadfully over him ; and then with a loud voice cried, “ Saved — saved — saved ! ”

So sudden had been that wild rush, that all the officers of justice — the very executioner — stood aghast ; and now the prisoner's neck is free from that accursed cord — his face is once more visible without that hideous shroud — and he sinks down senseless on

the scaffold. "Seize him — seize him!" and he was seized — but no maniac — no lunatic — **was the father** now — for during the night, and during the dawn, and during the morn, and on to midday — on to the **Hour of One** — when all rueful preparations were to be completed — had Providence been clearing and calming the tumult in that troubled brain; and as the cottage clock struck **ONE**, memory brightened at the chime into a perfect knowledge of the past, and prophetic imagination saw the future lowering upon the dismal present. All night long, with the cunning of a madman — for all night long he had still been mad — the miserable old man had been disengaging his hands from the manacles, and that done, springing like a wild beast from his cage, he flew out of the open door, nor could a horse's speed on that fearful road have overtaken him before he reached the scaffold.

No need was there to hold the miserable man. He who had been so furious in his manacles at Moorside, seemed now, to the people at a distance, calm as when he used to sit in the elder's seat beneath the pulpit in that small kirk. But they who were near or on the scaffold, saw something horrid in the fixedness of his countenance. "Let go your hold of me, ye fools!" he muttered to some of the mean wretches of the law, who still had him in their clutch — and tossing his hands on high, cried with a loud voice, — "Give ear, ye Heavens! and hear, O Earth! I am the Violator — I am the Murderer!"

The moor groaned as in earthquake — and then all that congregation bowed their heads with a rustling noise, like a wood smitten by the wind. Had they heard aright the unimaginable confession? His head had long been gray — he had reached the term allotted to man's mortal life here below — threescore and ten. Morning and evening, never had the Bible been out of his hands at the hour set apart for family worship. And who so eloquent as he in expounding its most dreadful mysteries? The unregenerate heart of man, he had ever said — in scriptural phrase — was “desperately wicked.” Desperately wicked indeed! And now again he tossed his arms wrathfully — so the wild motion looked — in the wrathful skies. “I ravished — I murdered her — ye know it, ye evil spirits in the depths of hell!” Consternation now fell on the minds of all — and the truth was clear as light — and all eyes knew at once that now indeed they looked on the murderer. The dreadful delusion under which all their understandings had been brought by the power of circumstances, was by that voice destroyed — the obduracy of him who had been about to die was now seen to have been the most heroic virtue — the self-sacrifice of a son to save a father from ignominy and death.

“O monster, beyond the reach of redemption! and the very day after the murder, while the corpse was lying in blood on the Moor, he was with us in the House of God! Tear him in pieces — rend him limb

from limb — tear him into a thousand pieces!” “The Evil One had power given him to prevail against me, and I fell under the temptation. It was so written in the Book of Predestination, and the deed lies at the door of God!” “Tear the blasphemer into pieces! Let the scaffold drink his blood!” — “So let it be if it be so written, good people! Satan never left me since the murder till this day — he sat by my side in the kirk — when I was ploughing in the field — there — ever as I came back from the other end of the furrow — he stood on the headrig — in the shape of a black shadow. But now I see him not — he has returned to his den in the pit. I cannot imagine what I have been doing, or what has been done to me, all the time between the day of trial and this of execution. Was I mad? No matter. But you shall not hang Ludovic — he, poor boy, is innocent; — here, look at him — here — I tell you again — is the Violator and the Murderer!”

But shall the men in authority dare to stay the execution at a maniac’s words? If they dare not — that multitude will, now all rising together like the waves of the sea. “Cut the cords asunder that bind our Ludovic’s arms,” — a thousand voices cried; and the murderer, unclasping a knife, that, all unknown to his keepers, he had worn in his breast when a maniac, sheared them asunder as the sickle shears the corn. But his son stirred not — and on being lifted up by his father, gave not so much as a groan. His heart had

burst, and he was dead. No one touched the gray-headed murderer, who knelt down — not to pray — but to look into his son's eyes — and to examine his lips — and to feel his left breast — and to search out all the symptoms of a fainting-fit, or to assure himself, and many a corpse had the plunderer handled on the field after hush of the noise of battle — that this was death. He rose ; and standing forward on the edge of the scaffold, said, with a voice that shook not, deep, strong, hollow and hoarse — “ Good people ! I am *likewise* now the murderer of my daughter and of my son ! and of myself ! ” Next moment the knife was in his heart — and he fell down a corpse on the corpse of his Ludovic. All round the sultry horizon the black clouds had for hours been gathering — and now came the thunder and the lightning — and the storm. Again the whole multitude prostrated themselves on the moor — and the Pastor, bending over the dead bodies, said,

“ THIS IS EXPIATION ! ”



III.

Would I had been, fair Ines,
That gallant cavalier,
Who rode so gayly by thy side,
And whisper'd thee so near!
Were there no bonny dames at home,
Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
The dearest of the dear?

IV.

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
Descend along the shore,
With bands of noble gentlemen,
And banners waved before;
And gentle youth and maidens gay,
And snowy plumes they wore;
It would have been a beautiful dream,
— If it had been no more!

V.

Alas, alas, fair Ines,
She went away with song,
With Music waiting on her steps,
And shoutings of the throng;
But some were sad and felt no mirth,
But only Music's wrong,
In sounds that sang Farewell, farewell,
To her you've loved so long.

VI.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines,
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its deck,
Nor danced so light before, —

Alas for pleasure on the sea,
And sorrow on the shore!
The smile that blest one lover's heart
Has broken many more!

LOVE.

ANONYMOUS.

OF all passions in the world, love not only is the most tyrannical, and takes the deepest hold, but it is also the speediest in its transformation, and in its change of the scenery around us ; nay, the scenery environing the heart. That love is the great sweetener of life — the active and stirring principle — the spring which sets everything in motion — the vivid awakener, exponent, and representative of all the finest, most delicate, and most subtle movements in our spiritual nature, who can deny ? But as all minds differ, so all must love differently : the tasteful can love but with taste ; the delicate with delicacy ; the fervent and eager with high impellent strength, and burning completeness and abandonment.

There is love which, once aroused — called to the surface from its tender fountain, and boiling up out of its placid depths, becomes like the torrent, sweeping on in impetuosity, rising up against and surmounting with fury all petty obstacles and small interruptions

which the envy or cautious policy, the coldness or worldliness of man seek to interpose to it.

Love is such a giant power that it seems to gather strength from obstructions, and at every difficulty rises to higher might. It is all dominant — all conquering ; a grand leveler which can bring down to its own universal line of equalization the proudest heights, and remove the most stubborn impediments : “ Like death, it levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd’s crook beside the sceptre.” There is no hope of resisting it, for it outwatches the most vigilant — submerges everything, acquiring strength as it proceeds ; ever growing, nay, growing out of itself. Love is the light, the majesty of life : that principle to which, after all our struggling, and writhing, and twisting, all things must be resolved. Take it away, and what becomes of the world ! It is a barren wilderness ! A world of monuments, each standing upright and crumbling ; an army of gray stones, without a chaplet, without a leaf to take off, with its glimpse of green, their flat insipidity and offensive uniformity upon a shrubless plain. Things base and foul, creeping and obscure, withered, bloodless, and brainless, could alone spring from such a marble hearted soil.

Its vegetation must be *flint* ; its grass but fields of *spiculae*, like white coral, shivering to the feet. Sandy deserts, springless, herbless ; slatey rocks and limestone splinters, cold and impenetrable as Egyptian obelisks, scattered, to stand for ever in the profundity

of their own desolation, and to rear their giant shapes to a heaven of lead, whose clouds sluggishly and ponderously move, like marble islands, in an atmosphere of hopeless depression, stagnant and unmoving. Love is the sun of the moral world; which revives, invigorates, calls into life, and illumines all objects; gives strength to the weak, fire to our plans and purposes, brings about great things, and is at once the mainspring and grand mover of all that is not only sweet, graceful, and beautiful in our constitution, but noble, bold, and aspiring. Love's darts are silver; when they turn to fire in the noble heart they impart a portion of that heavenly flame which is their element. Love is of such a refining, elevating character, that it expels all that is mean and base; bids us think great thoughts, do great deeds, and changes our common clay into fine gold. It illuminates our path, dark and mysterious as it may be, with torch-lights lit from the one great light. Oh, poor, weak, and inexpressive are words when sought to strew, as with stars, the path and track of the expression of love's greatness and power! Dull, pitiful, and cold; a cheating, horny gleam, as strung stones by the side of precious gems, and the far-flashing of the sparkling ruby with his heart of fire! The blue eyes of turquoises, or the liquid light of the sapphire, should alone be tasked to spell along, and character our thoughts of love.

RECOLLECTIONS.

BY MRS. NORTON.

Do you remember all the sunny places,
Where in bright days, long past, we played together ?
Do you remember all the old home faces
That gathered round the hearth in wintry weather ?
Do you remember all the happy meetings,
In Summer evenings round the open door —
Kind looks, kind hearts, kind words and tender greetings
And clasping hands whose pulses beat no more ?
Do you remember them ?

Do you remember all the merry laughter ;
The voices round the swing in our old garden :
The dog that, when we ran, still followed after ;
The teasing frolic, sure of speedy pardon :
We were but children *then*, young, happy creatures,
And hardly knew how much we had to lose —
But *now* the dreamlike memory of those features
Comes back, and bids my darkened spirit muse.
Do you remember them ?

Do you remember when we first departed
From all the old companions who were round us,
How very soon again we grew light-hearted,

And talked with smiles of all the links which bound us ?
And after, when our footsteps were returning,
With unfelt weariness, o'er hill and plain ;
How our young hearts kept boiling up and burning,
To think how soon we'd be at home again, —
Do you remember this ?

Do you remember how the dreams of glory
Kept fading from us like a fairy treasure ;
How we thought less of being famed in story,
And more of those to whom our fame gave pleasure.
Do you remember in far countries, weeping,
When a light breeze, a flower, hath brought to mind,
Old happy thoughts, which till that hour were sleeping,
And made us yearn for those we left behind ?
Do you remember this ?

Do you remember when no sound 'woke gladly,
But desolate echoes through our home were ringing,
How for a while we talked — then paused full sadly,
Because our voices bitter thoughts were bringing ?
Ah me ! those days — those days ! my friend, my brother,
Sit down and let us talk of all our woe,
For we have nothing left but one another ;—
Yet where *they* went, old playmate, *we* shall go —
Let us remember this.

THE LAST CAB-DRIVER.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

OF all the cabriolet-drivers whom we ever had the honor and gratification of knowing by sight — and our acquaintance in this way has been most extensive — there is one who made an impression on our mind which can never be effaced, and who awakened in our bosom a feeling of admiration and respect, which we entertain a presentiment will never be called forth again by any human being. He was a man of most simple and prepossessing appearance. He was a brown-whiskered, white-hatted, no-coated, cab-man; his nose was generally red, and his bright blue eye not unfrequently stood out in bold relief against a black border of artificial workmanship; his boots were of the Wellington form, pulled up to meet his corduroy knee smalls, or at least to approach as near them as their dimensions would admit of; and his neck was usually garnished with a bright yellow handkerchief. In summer he carried in his mouth a flower; in winter,

a straw — slight, but to a contemplative mind, certain indications of a love of nature, and a taste for botany.

His cabriolet was gorgeously painted — a bright red ; and wherever we went, City or West End, Paddington or Halloway, North, East, West, or South, there was the red cab, bumping up against the posts at the street corners, and turning in and out, among hackney-coaches, and drays, and carts, and wagons, and omnibuses, and contriving by some strange means or other, to get out of places which no other vehicle but the red cab could ever by any possibility have contrived to get into at all. Our fondness for that red cab was unbounded. How we should have liked to see it in the circle at Astley's ! Our life upon it, that it should have performed such evolutions as would have put the whole company to shame — Indian chiefs, knights, Swiss peasants, and all.

Some people object to the exertion of getting into cabs, and others object to the difficulty of getting out of them ; we think both these are objections which take their rise in perverse and ill-conditioned minds. The getting into a cab is a very pretty and graceful process, which, when well performed, is essentially melo-dramatic. First, there is the expressive pantomime of every one of the eighteen cabmen on the stand, the moment you raise your eyes from the ground. Then there is your own pantomime in reply — quite a little ballet. Four cabs immediately leave the stand, for your especial accommodation ; and the evolutions

of the animals who draw them, are beautiful in the extreme, as they grate the wheels of the cabs against the curb-stones, and sport playfully in the kennel. You single out a particular cab, and dart swiftly towards it. One bound and you are on the first step; turn your body lightly round to the right, and you are on the second; bend gracefully beneath the reins, working round to the left at the same time, and you are in the cab. There is no difficulty in finding a seat; the apron knocks you comfortably into it at once, and off you go.

The getting out of a cab, is, perhaps rather more complicated in its theory, and a shade more difficult in its execution. We have studied the subject a great deal, and we think the best way is, to throw yourself out, and trust to chance for alighting on your feet. If you make the driver alight first, and then throw yourself upon him, you will find that he breaks your fall materially. In the event of your contemplating an offer of eight-pence, on no account make the tender, or show the money, until you are safely on the pavement. It is very bad policy attempting to save the fourpence. You are very much in the power of a cabman, and he considers it a kind of fee not to do you any wilful damage. Any instruction, however, in the art of getting out of a cab, is wholly unnecessary if you are going any distance, because the probability is, that you will be shot lightly out before you have completed the third mile.

We are not aware of any instance on record in

which a cab-horse has performed three consecutive miles without going down once. What of that? It is all excitement. And in these days of derangement of the nervous system and universal lassitude, people are content to pay handsomely for excitement; where can it be procured at a cheaper rate?

But to return to the cab; it was omnipresent. You had but to walk down Holborn, or Fleet-street, or any of the principal thoroughfares in which there is a great deal of traffic, and judge for yourself. You had hardly turned into the street, when you saw a trunk or two, lying on the ground; an uprooted post, a hat-box, a portmanteau, and a carpet-bag, strewed about in a very picturesque manner; a horse in a cab standing by, looking about him with great unconcern; and a crowd, shouting and screaming with delight, cooling their flushed faces against the glass windows of a chemist's shop. — "What's the matter here, can you tell me?" "O'ny a cab, sir." — "Any body hurt, do you know?" "O'ny the fare, sir. I see him a turnin' the corner, and I ses to another gen'lm'n, 'that's a reg'lar little oss, that, and he's a comin along rayther sweet, an't he!' — 'He just is,' ses the other gen'lm'n, ven bump they cums agin the post, and out flies the fare like bricks." Need we say it was the red cab; or that the gentleman with the straw in his mouth, who emerged so coolly from the chemist's shop and philosophically climbing into the little dickey, started off at full gallop, was the red cab's licensed driver?

The ubiquity of this red cab, and the influence it exercised over the risible muscles of justice itself, was perfectly astonishing. You walked into the justice-room of the Mansion-house ; the whole court resounded with merriment. The Lord Mayor threw himself back in his chair, in a state of frantic delight at his own joke, every vein in Mr. Hobler's countenance was swollen with laughter, partly at the Lord Mayor's facetiousness, but more at his own ; the constables and police-officers were (as in duty bound) in ecstasies at Mr. Hobler and the Lord Mayor combined ; and the very paupers, glancing respectfully at the beadle's countenance, tried to smile, as even he relaxed. A tall, weazen-faced man, with an impediment in his speech, would be endeavoring to state a case of imposition against the red cab's driver ; and the red cab's driver, and the Lord Mayor, and Mr. Hobler, would be having a little fun among themselves, to the inordinate delight of every body but the complainant. In the end, justice would be so tickled with the red-cab-driver's native humor, that the fine would be mitigated, and he would go away full gallop, in the red cab, to impose on somebody else without loss of time.

The driver of the red cab, confident in the strength of his own moral principles, like many other philosophers, was wont to set the feelings and opinions of society at complete defiance. Generally speaking, perhaps, he would as soon carry a fare safely to his destination, as he would upset him — sooner, perhaps,

because in that case he not only got the money, but had the additional amusement of running a longer heat against some smart rival. But society made war upon him in the shape of penalties, and he must make war upon society in his own way. This was the reasoning of the red-cab-driver. So, he bestowed a searching look upon the fare, as he put his hand in his waistcoat pocket, when he had gone half the mile, to get the money ready; and if he brought forth eight-pence, out he went.

The last time we saw our friend was one wet evening in Tottenham-court-road, when he was engaged in a very warm and somewhat personal altercation with a loquacious little gentleman in a green coat. Poor fellow! there were great excuses to be made for him; he had not received above eighteen-pence more than his fare, and consequently labored under a great deal of very natural indignation. The dispute had attained a pretty considerable height, when at last the loquacious little gentleman, making a mental calculation of the distance, and finding that he had already paid more than he ought, avowed his unalterable determination to "pull up" the cabman in the morning.

"Now, just mark this, young man," said the little gentleman, "I'll pull you up to-morrow morning."

"No! will you though?" said our friend, with a sneer.

"I will," replied the little gentleman, "mark my words, that's all. If I live till to-morrow morning, you shall repent this."

There was a steadiness of purpose, and indignation of speech about the little gentleman, as he took an angry pinch of snuff, after this last declaration, which made a visible impression on the mind of the red-cab-driver. He appeared to hesitate for an instant. It was only for an instant; his resolve was soon taken.

"You 'll pull me up, will you?" said our friend.

"I will," rejoined the little gentleman, with even greater vehemence than before.

"Very well," said our friend, tucking up his shirt sleeves very calmly. "There 'll be three weeks for that. Wery good; that 'll bring me up to the middle o' next month. Three weeks more would carry me on to my birth day, and then I 've got ten pound to draw. I may as well get board, lodgin', and washin', till then, out of the county, as pay for it myself; consequently here goes!"

So, without more ado, the red-cab-driver knocked the little gentleman down, and then called the police to take himself into custody, with all the civility in the world.

A story is nothing without the sequel; and therefore, we may state, that to our certain knowledge, the board, lodging, and washing, were all provided in due course. We happen to know the fact, for it came to our knowledge thus: We went over the House of Correction for the county of Middlesex shortly after, to witness the operation of the silent system; and looked on all "the wheels" with the greatest anxiety

in search of our long-lost friend. He was nowhere to be seen, however, and we began to think that the little gentleman in the green coat must have relented, when, as we were traversing the kitchen-garden, which lies in a sequestered part of the prison, we were startled by hearing a voice, which apparently proceeded from the wall, pouring forth its soul in the plaintive air of "all round my hat," which was then just beginning to form a recognized portion of our national music.

We started. — "What voice is that?" said we.

The Governor shook his head.

"Sad fellow," he replied, "very sad. He positively refused to work on the wheel: so, after many trials, I was compelled to order him into solitary confinement. He says he likes it very much though, and I am afraid he does, for he lies on his back on the floor, and sings comic songs all day!"

Shall we add, that our heart had not deceived us; and that the comic singer was no other than our eagerly-sought friend, the red-cab-driver?

We have never seen him since, but we have strong reason to suspect that this noble individual was a distant relative of a waterman of our acquaintance, who, on one occasion, when we were passing the coach-stand over which he presides, after standing very quietly to see a tall man struggle into a cab, ran up very briskly when it was all over (as his brethren invariably do,) and touching his hat, asked as a matter of course, for "a copper for the waterman." Now, the fare was

by no means a handsome man ; and, waxing very indignant at the demand, he replied — “ Money What for ? Comeing up and looking at me, I suppose ? ” — “ Vell, sir,” rejoined the waterman, with a smile of immovable complacency, “ *That’s* worth twopence, at least.”

This identical waterman afterwards attained a very prominent station in society ; and as we know something of his life, and have often thought of telling what we *do* know, perhaps we shall never have a better opportunity than the present.

Mr. William Barker, then, for that was the gentleman’s name. Mr. William Barker was born — but why need we relate where Mr. William Barker was born, or when ? Why scrutinize the entries in parochial ledgers, or seek to penetrate the Lucinian mysteries of lying-in hospitals ? Mr. William Barker *was* born, or he had never been. There is a son — there was a father. There is an effect — there was a cause. Surely this is sufficient information for the most Fati-ma-like curiosity ; and, if it be not, we regret our inability to supply any further evidence on the point. Can there be a more satisfactory, or more strictly parliamentary course ? Impossible.

We at once avow a similar inability to record at what precise period, or by what particular process, this gentleman’s patronymic, of William Barker, became corrupted into “ Bill Boorker.” Mr. Barker acquired a high standing, and no inconsiderable repu-

tation, among the members of that profession to which he more peculiarly devoted his energies ; and to them he was generally known, either by the familiar appellation of " Bill Boorker," or the flattering designation of " Aggerawatin Bill," the latter being a playful and expressive *sobriquet*, illustrative of Mr. Barker's great talent in " aggerawatin " and rendering wild such subjects of her Majesty as are conveyed from place to place, through the instrumentality of omnibuses. Of the early life of Mr. Barker little is known, and even that little involved in considerable doubt and obscurity. A want of application, a restlessness of purpose, a thirsting after porter, a love of all that is roving and cadger-like in nature, shared in common with many other great geniuses, appear to have been his leading characteristics. The busy hum of a parochial free school, and the shady repose of a county gaol, were alike inefficacious in producing the slightest alteration in Mr. Barker's disposition. His feverish attachment to change and variety, nothing could repress ; his native daring no punishment could subdue.

If Mr. Barker can be fairly said to have had any weakness in his earlier years, it was an amiable one — love ; love in its most comprehensive form — a love of ladies, liquids, and pocket-handkerchiefs. It was no selfish feeling ; it was not confined to his own possessions, which but too many men regard with exclusive complacency. No ; it was a nobler love — a general

principle. It extended itself with equal force to the property of other people.

There is something very affecting in this. It is still more affecting to know, that such philanthropy is but imperfectly rewarded. Bow-street, Newgate, and Millbank, are a poor return for general benevolence, evincing itself in an irrepressible love for all created objects. Mr. Barker felt it so. After a lengthened interview with the highest legal authorities, he quitted his ungrateful country, with the consent, and at the expense, of its Government; proceeded to a distant shore, and there employed himself, like another Cincinnatus, in clearing and cultivating the soil — a peaceful pursuit, in which a term of seven years glided almost imperceptibly away.

Whether, at the expiration of the period we have just mentioned, the British Government required Mr. Barker's presence here, or did not require his residence abroad, we have no distinct means of ascertaining. We should be inclined, however, to favor the latter position, inasmuch as we do not find that he was advanced to any other public post on his return, than the post at the corner of the Haymarket, where he officiated as assistant waterman to the hackney-coach-stand. Seated in this capacity, on a couple of tubs near the curb-stone, with a brass-plate and number suspended round his neck by a massive chain, and his ankles curiously enveloped in haybands, he is supposed

to have made those observations on human nature which exercised so material an influence over all his proceedings in later life.

Mr. Barker had not officiated for many months in this capacity, when the appearance of the first omnibus caused the public mind to go in a new direction, and prevented a great many hackney coaches from going in any direction at all. The genius of Mr. Barker at once perceived the whole extent of the injury that would be eventually inflicted on cab and coach stands, and, by consequence, on water-men also, by the progress of the system of which the first omnibus was a part. He saw, too, the necessity of adopting some more profitable profession; and his active mind at once perceived how much might be done in the way of enticing the youthful and unwary, and shoving the old and helpless into the wrong buss, and carrying them off, until, reduced to despair, they ransomed themselves by the payment of sixpence a-head, or, to adopt his own figurative expression in all its native beauty, "till they was rig'larly done over, and forked out the stumpy."

An opportunity for realizing his fondest anticipations soon presented itself. Rumors were rife on the hackney-coach-stands, that a buss was building, to run from Lisson-grove to the Bank, down Oxford-street and Holborn; and the rapid increase of busses on the Paddington-road, encouraged the idea. Mr. Barker secretly and cautiously inquired in the proper quar-

ters. The report was correct; the "Royal William" was to make its first journey on the following Monday. It was a crack affair altogether. An enterprising young cabman, of established reputation as a dashing whip — for he had compromised with the parents of three scrunched children, and just "worked out" his fine, for knocking down an old lady — was the driver; and the spirited proprietor, knowing Mr. Barker's qualifications, appointed him to the vacant office of cad on the very first application. The buss began to run, and Mr. Barker entered into a new suit of clothes, and on a new sphere of action.

To recapitulate all the improvements introduced by this extraordinary man, into the omnibus system — gradually, indeed, but surely, would occupy a far greater space than we are enabled to devote to this imperfect memoir. To him is universally assigned the original suggestion of the practice which afterwards became so general — of the driver of a second buss keeping constantly behind the first one, and driving the pole of his vehicle either into the door of the other, every time it was opened, or through the body of any lady or gentleman who might make an attempt to get into it; a humorous and pleasant invention, exhibiting all that originality of idea, and fine bold flow of spirits, so conspicuous in every action of this great man.

Mr. Barker had opponents of course; what man in public life has not? But even his worst enemies can-

not deny that he has taken more old ladies and gentlemen to Paddington who wanted to go to the Bank, and more old ladies and gentlemen to the Bank who wanted to go to Paddington, than any six men on the road ; and however much malevolent spirits may pretend to doubt the accuracy of the statement, they well know it to be an established fact, that he has forcibly conveyed a variety of ancient persons of either sex, to both places, who had not the slightest or more distant intention of going any where at all.

Mr. Barker was the identical cad who nobly distinguished himself, sometime since, by keeping a tradesman on the step — the omnibus going at full speed all the time — till he had thrashed him to his entire satisfaction, and finally throwing him away, when he had quite done with him. Mr. Barker it *ought* to have been, who, honestly indignant at being ignominiously ejected from a house of public entertainment, kicked the landlord in the knee, and thereby caused his death. We say it *ought* to have been Mr. Barker, because the action was not a common one, and could have emanated from no ordinary mind.

It has now become matter of history ; it is recorded in the Newgate Calendar ; and we wish we could attribute this piece of daring heroism to Mr. Barker. We regret being compelled to state that it was not performed by him. Would, for the family credit, we could add, that it was achieved by his brother !

It was in the exercise of the nicer details of his

profession, that Mr. Barker's knowledge of human nature was beautifully displayed. He could tell at a glance where a passenger wanted to go to, and would shout the name of the place accordingly, without the slightest reference to the real destination of the vehicle. He knew exactly the kind of old lady that would be too much flurried by the process of pushing in, and pulling out of the caravan, to discover where she had been put down, until too late ; had an intuitive perception of what was passing in a passenger's mind when he inwardly resolved to "pull that cab up to-morrow morning ;" and never failed to make himself agreeable to female servants, whom he would place next the door and talk to all the way.

Human judgment is never infallible, and it would occasionally happen that Mr. Barker experimentalized with the timidity or forbearance of the wrong person, in which case a summons to a Police-office, was, on more than one occasion, followed by a committal to prison. It was not in the power of trifles such as these, however, to subdue the freedom of his spirit. As soon as they passed away, he resumed the duties of his profession with unabated ardor.

We have spoken of Mr. Barker and of the red-cab-driver, in the past tense. Alas ! Mr. Barker has again become an absentee ; and the class of men to which they both belonged are fast disappearing. Improvement has peered beneath the aprons of our cabs, and penetrated to the very innermost

recesses of our omnibuses. Dirt and fustion will vanish before cleanliness and livery. Slang will be forgotten when civility becomes general; and that enlightened, eloquent, sage, and profound body, the magistracy of London, will be deprived of half their amusement, and half their occupation.

MUTUAL LOVE.


COLERIDGE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay
Beside the ruin'd tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve ;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve !

She leant against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight ;
She stood and listen'd to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.



Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story —
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a fitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined: and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace,
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,
And that he cross'd the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a Fiend,
This miserable Knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leap'd amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land!

And how she wept, and clasp'd his knees;
And how she tended him in vain —
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain.

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay.

His dying words — but when I reach'd
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp,
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrill'd my guiltless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherish'd long !

She wept with pity and delight,
She blush'd with love, and virgin shame ;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breath my name.

Her bosom heaved — she stept aside,
As conscious of my look she stepp'd —
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She press'd me with a meek embrace ;
And bending back her head, look'd up,
And gazed upon my face.

'T was partly Love, and partly Fear,
And partly 't was a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride ;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beautiful Bride.

THE HOLY CHILD.

BY PROF. WILSON.

THIS House of ours is a prison — this Study of ours a cell. Time has laid his fetters on our feet — fetters fine as the gossamer, but strong as Sampson's ribs, silken-soft to wise submission, but to vain impatience galling as cankered wound that keeps ceaselessly eating into the bone. But while our bodily feet are thus bound by an inevitable and inexorable law, our mental wings are free as those of the lark, the dove, or the eagle — and they shall be expanded as of yore, in calm or tempest, now touching with their tips the bosom of this dearly beloved earth, and now aspiring heavenwards, beyond the realms of mist and cloud, even unto the very core of the still heart of that otherwise unapproachable sky which graciously opens to receive us on our flight, when, disencumbered of the burden of all grovelling thoughts, and strong in spirituality, we exult to soar

“Beyond this visible diurnal sphere,”


nearing and nearing the native region of its own incomprehensible being.

Now touching, we said, with their tips the bosom of this dearly beloved earth ! How sweet that attraction to imagination's wings ! How delightful in that lower flight to skim along the green ground, or as now along the soft-bosomed beauty of the virgin snow ! We were asleep all night long — sound asleep as children — while the flakes were falling, “and soft as snow on snow” were all the descendings of our untroubled dreams. The moon and all her stars were willing that their lustre should be veiled by that peaceful shower ; and now the sun, pleased with the purity of the morning earth, all white as innocence, looks down from heaven with a meek unmelting light, and still leaves undissolved the stainless splendor. There is frost in the air — but he “does his spiriting gently,” studding the ground-snow thickly with diamonds, and shaping the tree-snow according to the peculiar and characteristic beauty of the leaves and sprays, on which it has alighted almost as gently as the dews of spring. You know every kind of tree still by its own spirit showing itself through that fairy veil — momentarily disguised from recognition — but admired the more in the sweet surprise with which again your heart salutes its familiar branches, all fancifully ornamented with their snow foliage, that murmurs not like the green leaves of summer, that like the yellow leaves of autumn strews not the earth with decay, but often melts away into changes so invisible

and inaudible that you wonder to find that it is all vanished, and to see the old tree again standing in its own faint-green glossy bark, with its many million buds, which perhaps fancy suddenly expands into a power of umbrage impenetrable to the sun in Scorpio.

A sudden burst of sunshine ! bringing back the pensive spirit from the past to the present, and kindling it, till it dances like light reflected from a burning mirror. A cheerful Sun-scene, though almost destitute of life. An undulating Landscape, hillocky and hilly, but not mountainous, and buried under the weight of a day and night's incessant and continuous snow-fall. The weather has not been windy — and now that the flakes have ceased falling, there is not a cloud to be seen, except some delicate braidings here and there along the calm of the Great Blue Sea of Heaven. Most luminous is the sun, yet you can look straight on his face, almost with unwinking eyes, so mild, and mellow is his large light as it overflows the day. All enclosures have disappeared, and you indistinctly ken the greater landmarks, such as a grove, a wood, a hall, a castle, a spire, a village, a town — the faint haze of a far off and smokeless city. Most intense is the silence ; for all the streams are dumb, and the great river lies like a dead serpent in the strath. Not dead — for, lo ! yonder one of his folds glitters — and in the glitter you see him moving — while all the rest of his sullen length is palsied by frost, and looks livid and more livid at every distant and more distant winding. What blackens on that tower of snow ?

Crows roosting innumerable on a huge tree — but they caw not in their hunger. Neither sheep nor cattle are to be seen or heard — but they are cared for ; — the folds and the farm-yards are all full of life — and the ungathered stragglers are safe in their instincts. There has been a deep fall — but no storm — and the silence, though partly that of suffering, is not that of death. Therefore, to the imagination, unsaddened by the heart, the repose is beautiful. The almost unbroken uniformity of the scene — its simple and grand monotony — lulls all the thoughts and feelings into a calm, over which is breathed the gentle excitation of a novel charm, inspiring many fancies, all of a quiet character. Their range, perhaps, is not very extensive, but they all regard the homefelt and domestic charities of life. And the heart burns as here and there some human dwelling discovers itself by a wreath of smoke up the air, or as the robin redbreast, a creature that is ever at hand, comes flitting before your path with an almost pert flutter of his feathers, bold from the acquaintanceship he has formed with you in severer weather at the threshold or window of the tenement, which for years may have been the winter sanctuary of the “bird whom man loves best,” and who bears a Christian name in every clime he inhabits. Meanwhile the sun waxes brighter and warmer in heaven — some insects are in the air, as if that moment called to life — and the mosses that may yet be visible here and there along the ridge of a wall or on the stem of a tree, in variegated lustre, frost-bright-



ened, seem to delight in the snow, and in no other season of the year to be so happy as in winter. Such gentle touches of pleasure animate one's whole being, and connect, by many a fine association, the emotions inspired by the objects of animate and of inanimate nature.

Ponder on the idea — the emotion of purity — and how finely soul-blent is the delight imagination feels in a bright hush of new-fallen snow! Some speck or stain — however slight — there always seems to be on the most perfect whiteness of any other substance — or “dim suffusion veils” it with some faint discolor — witness even the leaf of the lily or the rose. Heaven forbid that we should ever breathe aught but love and delight in the beauty of these consummate flowers! But feels not the heart, even when the mid-summer morning sunshine is melting the dews on their fragrant bosoms, that their loveliness is “of the earth earthy” — faintly tinged, or streaked, when at the very fairest, with a hue foreboding languishment and decay? Not the less for its sake are those soulless flowers dear to us — thus owning kindred with them whose beauty is all soul enshrined for a short while on that perishable face. Do we not still regard the insensate flowers — so emblematical of what, in human life, we do most passionately love and profoundly pity — with a pensive emotion, often deepening into melancholy that sometimes, ere the strong fit subsides, blackens into despair! What pain doubtless was in

the heart of the Elegiac Poet of old, when he sighed over the transitory beauty of flowers —

“*Conquerimur natura brevis quam gratia Florum!*”

But over a perfectly pure expanse of night-fallen snow, when unaffected by the gentle sun, the first fine frost has incrusted it with small sparkling diamonds, the prevalent emotion is joy. There is a charm in the sudden and total disappearance even of the grassy green. All the “old familiar faces” of nature are for a while out of sight, and out of mind. That white silence shed by heaven over earth carries with it, far and wide, the pure peace of another region — almost another life. No image is there to tell of this restless and noisy world. The cheerfulness of reality kindles up our reverie ere it becomes a dream; and we are glad to feel our whole being complexioned by the passionless repose. If we think at all of human life, it is only of the young, the fair, and the innocent. “Pure as snow,” are words then felt to be most holy, as the image of some beautiful and beloved being comes and goes before our eyes — brought from a far distance in this our living world, or from a distance further still in a world beyond the grave — the image of a virgin growing up sinlessly to womanhood among her parents’ prayers, or of some spiritual creature who expired long ago, and carried with her, her native innocence unstained to heaven.

Such Spiritual Creature—too spiritual long to sojourn below the skies—wert thou—whose rising and whose setting—both most star-like—brightened at once all thy native vale, and at once left it in darkness. Thy name has long slept in our heart—and there let it sleep unbreathed—even as, when we are dreaming our way through some solitary place, without naming it, we bless the beauty of some sweet wild-flower, pensively smiling to us through the snow.

The Sabbath returns on which, in the little kirk among the hills, we saw thee baptized. Then comes a wavering glimmer of five sweet years, that to Thee, in all their varieties, were but as one delightful season, one blessed life—and, finally, that other Sabbath, on which, at thy own dying request—between services thou wert buried.

How mysterious are all thy ways and workings, O gracious Nature! Thou who art but a name given by us to the Being in whom all things are and have life. Ere three years old, she, whose image is now with us, all over the small silvan world that beheld the evanescent revelation of her pure existence, was called the "Holy Child!" The taint of sin—inherited from those who disobeyed in Paradise—seemed from her fair clay to have been washed out at the baptismal font, and by her first infantine tears. So pious people almost belived, looking on her so unlike all other children, in the serenity of that habitual smile that clothed the creature's countenance with a wondrous beauty at

an age when on other infants is but faintly seen the dawn of reason, and their eyes look happy just like the thoughtless flowers. So unlike all other children — but unlike only because sooner than they she seemed to have had given to her, even in the communion of the cradle, an intimation of the being and the providence of God. Sooner, surely, than through any other clay that ever enshrouded immortal spirit, dawned the light of religion on the face of the “Holy Child.”

Her lisping language was sprinkled with words alien from common childhood's uncertain speech, that murmurs only when indigent nature prompts ; and her own parents wondered whence they came, when first they looked upon her kneeling in an unbidden prayer. As one mild week of vernal sunshine covers the braes with primroses, so shone with fair and fragrant feeling — unfolded, ere they knew, before her parents' eyes — the divine nature of her who for a season was lent to them from the skies. She learned to read out of the Bible — almost without any teaching — they knew not how — just by looking gladly on the words, even as she looked on the pretty daisies on the green — till their meanings stole insensibly into her soul, and the sweet syllables, succeeding each other on the blessed page, were all united by the memories her heart had been treasuring every hour that her father or her mother had read aloud in her hearing from the Book of Life. “Suffer little children to come unto

me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven" — how wept her parents, as these the most affecting of our Savior's words dropt silver-sweet from her lips, and continued in her upward eyes among the swimming tears!

Be not incredulous of this dawn of reason, wonderful as it may seem to you, so soon becoming morn — almost perfect daylight — with the "Holy Child." Many such miracles are set before us — but we recognize them not, or pass them by with a word or a smile of short surprise. How leaps the baby in its mother's arms, when the mysterious charm of music thrills through its little brain! And how learns it to modulate its feeble voice, unable yet to articulate, to the melodies that bring forth all round its eyes a delighted smile! Who knows what then may be the thoughts and feelings of the infant awakened to the sense of a new world, alive through all its being to sounds that haply glide past our ears unmeaning as the breath of the common air! Thus have mere infants sometimes been seen inspired by music till, like small genii, they warbled spell-strains of their own, powerful to sadden and subdue our hearts. So, too, have infant eyes been so charmed by the rainbow irradiating the earth, that almost infant hands have been taught, as if by inspiration, the power to paint in finest colors, and to imitate, with a wondrous art, the skies so beautiful to the quick-awakened spirit of delight. What knowledge have not some children acquired, and gone down

scholars to their small untimely graves! Knowing that such things have been — are — and will be — why art thou incredulous of the divine expansion of soul, so soon understanding the things that are divine in the “Holy Child?”

Thus grew she in the eye of God, day by day waxing wiser and wiser in the knowledge that tends towards the skies; and, as if some angel visitant were nightly with her in her dreams, awakening every morn with a new dream of thought, that brought with it a gift of more comprehensive speech. Yet merry she was at times with her companions among the woods and braes, though while they all were laughing, she only smiled; and the passing traveller, who might pause for a moment to bless the sweet creatures in their play, could not but single out one face among the many fair, so pensive in its paleness, a face to be remembered, coming from afar, like a mournful thought upon the hour of joy.

Sister or brother of her own had she none — and often both her parents — who lived in a hut by itself up among the mossy stumps of the old decayed forest — had to leave her alone — sometimes even all the day long from morning till night. But she no more wearied in her solitariness than does the wren in the wood. All the flowers were her friends — all the birds. The linnet ceased not his song for her, though her footsteps wandered into the green glade among the yellow broom, almost within reach of the spray

from which he poured his melody — the quiet eyes of his mate feared her not when her garments almost touched the bush where she brooded on her young. Shyest of the winged silvans, the cushat clapped not her wings away on the soft approach of such harmless footsteps to the pine that concealed her slender nest. As if blown from heaven, descended round her path the showers of the painted butterflies, to feed, sleep, or die — undisturbed by her — upon the wild-flowers — with wings, when motionless, undistinguishable from the blossoms. And well she loved the brown, busy, blameless bees, come thither for the honey-dews from a hundred cots sprinkled all over the parish, and all high overhead sailing away at evening, laden and wearied, to their straw-roofed skeps in many a hamlet garden. The leaf of every tree, shrub, and plant, she knew familiarly and lovingly in its own characteristic beauty; and she was loath to shake one dew-drop from the sweetbrier-rose. And well she knew that all nature loved her in return — that they were dear to each other in their innocence — and that the very sunshine, in motion or in rest, was ready to come at the bidding of her smiles. Skilful those small white hands of hers among the reeds and rushes and osiers — and many a pretty flower-basket grew beneath their touch, her parents wondering on their return home to see the handiwork of one who was never idle in her happiness. Thus early — ere yet but five years old — did she earn her mite for the

sustenance of her own beautiful life. The russet garb she wore she herself had won — and thus Poverty, at the door of that hut, became even like a Guardian Angel, with the lineaments of heaven on her brow, and the quietude of heaven beneath her feet.

But these were but her lonely pastimes, or gentle taskwork self-imposed among her pastimes, and itself the sweetest of them all, inspired by a sense of duty that still brings with it its own delight, and hallowed by religion, that even in the most adverse lot changes slavery into freedom — till the heart, insensible to the bonds of necessity, sings aloud for joy. The life within the life of the "Holy Child," apart from even such innocent employments as these, and from such recreations as innocent, among the shadows and the sunshine of those silvan haunts, was passed — let us fear not to say the truth, wondrous as such worship was in one so very young — was passed in the worship of God; and her parents — though sometimes even saddened to see such piety in a small creature like her, and afraid, in their exceeding love, that it betokened an early removal from this world of one too perfectly pure ever to be touched by its sins and sorrows — forbore, in an awful pity, ever to remove the Bible from her knees, as she would sit with it there, not at morning and at evening only, or all the Sabbath long as soon as they returned from the kirk, but often through all the hours of the longest and sunniest week-days, when, had she chosen to do so, there was

nothing to hinder her from going up the hill-side, or down to the little village, to play with the other children, always too happy when she appeared — nothing to hinder her but the voice she heard speaking in that Book, and the hallelujahs that, at the turning over of each blessed page, came upon the ear of the “Holy Child” from white-robed saints all kneeling before His throne in heaven.

Her life seemed to be the same in sleep. Often at midnight, by the light of the moon shining in upon her little bed beside theirs, her parents leant over her face, diviner in dreams, and wept as she wept, her lips all the while murmuring, in broken sentences of prayer, the name of Him who died for us all. But plenteous as were her penitential tears — penitential in the holy humbleness of her stainless spirit, over thoughts that had never left a dimming breath on its purity, yet that seemed in those strange visitings to be haunting her as the shadows of sins — soon were they all dried up in the lustre of her returning smiles. Waking, her voice in the kirk was the sweetest among many sweet, as all the young singers, and she the youngest far, sat together by themselves, and within the congregational music of the psalm uplifted a silvery strain that sounded like the very spirit of the whole, even like angelic harmony blent with a mortal song. But sleeping, still more sweetly sang the “Holy Child ;” and then, too, in some diviner inspiration than ever was granted to it while awake, her soul com-

posed its own hymns, and set the simple scriptural words to its own mysterious music — the tunes she loved best gliding into one another, without once ever marring the melody, with pathetic touches interposed never heard before, and never more to be renewed ! For each dream had its own breathing, and many-visioned did then seem to be the sinless creature's sleep.

The love that was borne for her all over the hill-region, and beyond its circling clouds, was almost such as mortal creatures might be thought to feel for some existence that had visibly come from heaven. Yet all who looked on her, saw that she, like themselves, was mortal, and many an eye was wet, the heart wist not why, to hear such wisdom falling from such lips ; for dimly did it prognosticate, that as short as bright would be her walk from the cradle to the grave. And thus for the "Holy Child" was their love elevated by awe, and saddened by pity — and as by herself she passed pensively by their dwellings, the same eyes that smiled on her presence, on her disappearance wept.

Not in vain for others — and for herself, oh ! what great gain ! — for those few years on earth did that pure spirit ponder on the word of God ! Other children became pious from their delight in her piety — for she was simple as the simplest among them all, and walked with them hand in hand, nor declined companionship with any one that was good. But all grew

good by being with her — and parents had but to whisper her name, and in a moment the passionate sob was hushed — the lowering brow lighted — and the household in peace. Older hearts owned the power of the piety so far surpassing their thoughts ; and time-hardened sinners, it is said, when looking and listening to the “ Holy Child,” knew the error of their ways, and returned to the right path as at a voice from heaven.

Bright was her seventh summer — the brightest, so the aged said, that had ever, in man’s memory, shone over Scotland. One long, still, sunny, blue day followed another, and in the rainless weather, though the dews kept green the hills, the song of the streams was low. But paler and paler, in sunlight and moonlight, became the sweet face that had been always pale ; and the voice that had been always something mournful, breathed lower and sadder still from the too perfect whiteness of her breast. No need — no fear — to tell her that she was about to die. Sweet whispers had sung it to her in her sleep — and waking she knew it in the look of the piteous skies. But she spoke not to her parents of death more than she had often done — and never of her own. Only she seemed to love them with a more exceeding love — and was readier, even sometimes when no one was speaking, with a few drops of tears. Sometimes she disappeared — nor, when sought for, was found in the woods about the hut. And one day that mystery was cleared ; for a

shepherd saw her sitting by herself on a grassy mound in a nook of the small solitary kirkyard, a long mile off among the hills, so lost in reading the Bible, that shadow or sound of his feet awoke her not ; and, ignorant of his presence, she knelt down and prayed — for a while weeping bitterly — but soon comforted by a heavenly calm — that her sins might be forgiven her !

One Sabbath evening, soon after, as she was sitting beside her parents at the door of their hut, looking first for a long while on their faces, and then for a long while on the sky, though it was not yet the stated hour of worship, she suddenly knelt down, and leaning on their knees, with hands clasped more fervently than her wont, she broke forth into tremulous singing of that hymn which from her lips they never heard without unendurable tears :

“ The hour of my departure’s come,
I hear the voice that calls me home ;
At last, O Lord, let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace ! ”

They carried her fainting to her little bed, and uttered not a word to one another till she revived. The shock was sudden, but not unexpected, and they knew now that the hand of death was upon her, although her eyes soon became brighter and brighter, they thought, than they had ever been before. But forehead, cheeks, lips, neck, and breast, were all as white, and, to the

quivering hands that touched them, almost as cold as snow. Ineffable was the bliss in those radiant eyes ; but the breath of words was frozen, and that hymn was almost her last farewell. Some few words she spake — and named the hour and day she wished to be buried. Her lips could then just faintly return the kiss, and no more — a film came over the now dim blue of her eyes — the father listened for her breath — and then the mother took his place, and leaned her ear to the unbreathing mouth, long deluding herself with its lifelike smile ; but a sudden darkness in the room, and a sudden stillness, most dreadful both, convinced their unbelieving hearts at last, that it was death.

All the parish, it might be said, attended her funeral — for none stayed away from the kirk that Sabbath — though many a voice was unable to join in the Psalm. The little grave was soon filled up — and you hardly knew that the turf had been disturbed beneath which she lay. The afternoon service consisted but of a prayer — for he who ministered, had loved her with love unspeakable — and, though an old gray-haired man, all the time he prayed he wept. In the sobbing kirk her parents were sitting, but no one looked at them — and when the congregation rose to go, there they remained sitting — and an hour afterwards came out again into the open air, and parting with their pastor at the gate, walked away to their hut, overshadowed with the blessings of a thousand prayers.

And did her parents, soon after she was buried, die of broken hearts, or pine away disconsolately to their graves? Think not that they, who were Christians indeed, could be guilty of such ingratitude. "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away — blessed be the name of the Lord!" were the first words they had spoken by that bedside; during many, many long years of weal or woe, duly every morning and night, these same blessed words did they utter when on their knees together in prayer — and many a thousand times besides, when they were apart, she in her silent hut, and he on the hill — neither of them unhappy in their solitude, though never again, perhaps, was his countenance so cheerful as of yore — and though often suddenly amidst mirth or sunshine their eyes were seen to overflow. Happy had they been — as we mortal beings ever can be happy — during many pleasant years of wedded life before she had been born. And happy were they — on the verge of old age — long after she had here ceased to be. Their Bible had indeed been an idle book — the Bible that belonged to "the Holy Child," — and idle all their kirk-goings with "the Holy Child," through the Sabbath-calm — had those intermediate years not left a power of bliss behind them triumphant over death and the grave.

THE CLOUD.

BY SHELLEY.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shades for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rock'd to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 't is my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fetter'd the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion
This pilot is guiding me

Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea ;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains ;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning-star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer ;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,

Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl,
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chain'd to my chair,
Is the million-color'd bow ;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky ;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

THE FUGITIVES.

BY SHELLEY.

I.

'THE waters are flashing,
The white hail is dashing,
The lightnings are glancing,
The hoar-spray is dancing —
 Away!

The whirlwind is rolling,
The thunder is tolling,
The forest is swinging,
The minster-bells ringing —
 Come away!

The Earth is like Ocean,
Wreck-strewn and in motion
Bird, beast, man and worm
Have crept out of the storm —
 Come away!

II.

“Our boat has one sail,
And the helmsman is pale ;—

A bold pilot I trow,
Who should follow us now," —
Shouted He —

And she cried : " Ply the oar !
Put off gaily from shore !"
As she spoke, bolts of death
Mix'd with hail speck'd their path
O'er the sea.

And from isle, tower and rock,
The blue beacon cloud broke,
And though dumb in the blast,
The red cannon flash'd fast
From the lee.

III.

" And fear'st thou, and fear'st thou ?
And see'st thou, and hear'st thou ?
And drive we not free
O'er the terrible sea,
I and thou ?"

One boat-cloak did cover
The loved and the lover —
Their blood beats one measure,
They murmur proud pleasure
Soft and low ; —

While around the lash'd Ocean,
Like mountains in motion,
Is withdrawn and uplifted,
Sunk, shatter'd and shifted,
To and fro.

IV.

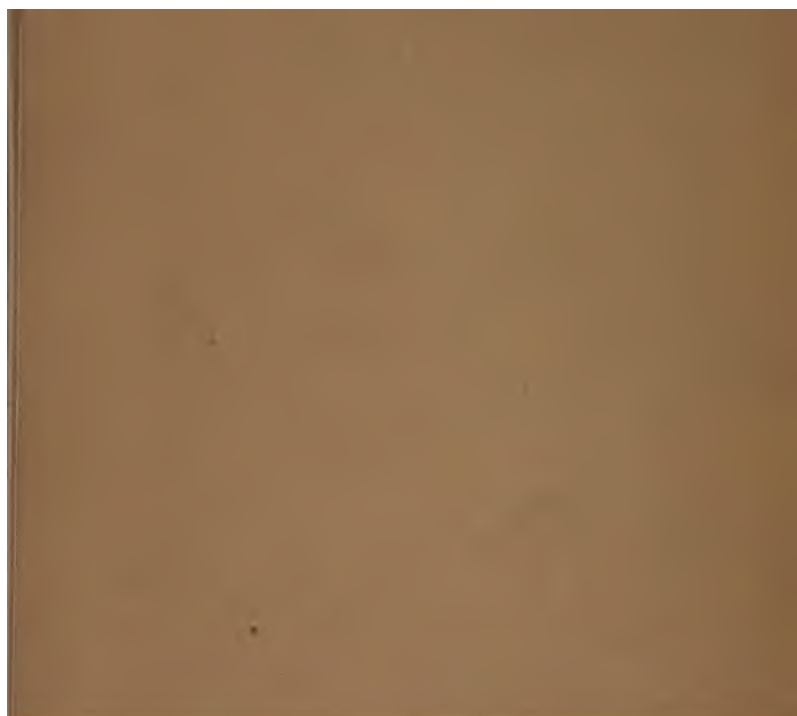
In the court of the fortress,
Beside the pale portress,
Like a blood-hound well beaten,
The bridegroom stands, eaten
By shame ;

On the topmost watch-turret,
As a death-boding spirit,
Stands the gray tyrant father,
To his voice the mad weather
Seems tame ;

And with curses as wild
As ere clung to child,
He devotes to the blast
The best, loveliest, and last
Of his name !









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